

*Notes from a Journal Kept in Italy
and Sicily, During the Years ...*

John George Francis



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NOTES FROM A JOURNAL
KEPT IN
ITALY AND SICILY.

LONDON:
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NOTES FROM A JOURNAL

KEPT IN

ITALY AND SICILY,

DURING THE YEARS

1844, 1845, AND 1846.

BY J. G. FRANCIS, B.A.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

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TO
H. R. FRANCIS, ESQ. M.A.
OF
HURLEY HOUSE,
HURLEY, IN THE COUNTY OF BERKS.

MY DEAR HENRY,

The greatest pleasure I have in publishing my Journal is the dedicating it to you.

You should have been with me, that we might have explored together many a classic spot and scene of natural beauty : but, as that might not be, accept at least these few lines, in memory of happy days of old, when we loitered together by lake and stream, through dingle and bushy dell ; and as a pledge of affection and the heart's best wishes

From your loving Brother,

J. G. FRANCIS.

Clifton, March, 1847.

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JOURNAL

KEPT IN ITALY.

ROAD FROM PARIS TO TURIN.

TURIN.

May 17. 1844.

TURIN is a bright and cheerful city: it has been called formal; but no one would think it so while gazing down a long street studded with party-coloured shops and disclosing an Alp in the background. Here are two palaces, old and new: the former now holds out the attraction of a picture-gallery, and contains perhaps a score of first-rate paintings. We were best pleased with a "Saul at Tarsus," by Ribera, though by no means the most costly picture here.

The modern palace has a spacious front in the

piazza; at one angle of it rises the cathedral, whose dome is partly sacrificed to a group of inferior buildings. We reached the grand stairhead a few minutes before the king and queen passed out on their way to vespers, escorted by a troop of ladies, officers, and pages in waiting. Their majesties appeared to be good-natured souls, though the quick marching step indicated pretty plainly that nobody had dined. Following the royal cortège, we found the interior of the cathedral brilliantly illuminated. It has no lack of adornments, but, for the mother-church in a capital city, I thought there seemed a lack of room.

Next to the Alps, the noblest feature here is "wandering Po," whose acquaintance we have made for the first time. I shall, however, leave him to his mazes now, and retrace our own route from Paris hither.

Coming by *Fontainebleau*, *Saulieu*, *Châlons* and the *Savoy*, it is a week's journey without hurrying. The drive through Burgundy presented a succession of budding vineyards, with here and there an old ruined keep. In *Sens* we halted half an hour to look at its ancient cathedral: here among other rarities we were shown, as specially interesting to

English folk, a cope and chasuble worn by that meek churchman Thomas à Becket.

Châlons sur Saône is a fine town, with a fine inn.

In *Lyons* we saw a Trades-Union in procession, threading a narrow street and chanting the *Marseillaise*; but the demonstration seemed to lack fervour, and was perhaps merely an effort to disperse their ennui. What a dingy broken-backed city is *Lyons*! yet here they make the beautiful silks for our dames' bravery. Every thing bright or precious comes out of some pit of misery, some mine of darkness.

A few miles on this side of the frontier we slept at *les Echelles*; once a wretched halting-place, but now the inn is endurable. It was pitch-dark when we got in, but next morning our eyes opened on a pretty panorama, the more striking from being limited in extent. A green glen with gentle eminences fills the foreground; farther back are precipices of the bare rock sprinkled with dark firs: the skyline is formed by ridges of the mountain white with snow. On one steep summit is perched the mother convent of the *Chartreuse*. A fine gallery cut through the rock leads out of the *Echelles* valley. On the 15th we turned the last vale of the Savoy

on this route. From the bed of its torrent rose a massive pinnacled fortress, whose name I forget: it is the key of the whole pass, and is unassailably strong. At present its ramparts and artillery may serve to overawe the saucy goats. Leaving the hamlet of *Ianz le Bourg*, the sloping ascent of *Mont Cenis* lay before us: I walked up the ten miles to its summit, and our Scotch maid, with the independence natural to her race, did the same for half way. Every turn and wind of the road varied the prospect below, and I was pleased with watching the gradual changes in the botanical aspect of the hill. We had left violets and a clustering flora in the valley: these soon dwindled to bluebells and crocuses, and nothing remained at last save a few lichens. The temperature of this Alp was delicious after the scorching heat of the glen. On its summit we found a good plain inn, with double windows, large wood fires, and a freezing lake in front. The latter furnished some capital yellow trouts for supper, and we slept soundly amid snow-hills and blocks of ice.

Next morning, at break of day, came the descent, not a very pleasant operation. For eight miles the road twisted and dropped like the coils of a snake

rampant; snow-drifts choked the ditches, a thick mist buried us alive. One comfort is, you cannot stop to think about it: one wheel is locked in the "sabot," the postboy's whip plays like a cracker, your horses mean to lunch this time in Italy. So down you plunge, right, left, round that corner; "mind the granite post;" bless me! what a jump we got then! here we are at the bottom; little Nap's road is a splendid affair after all.

Then came *Susa*, a pretty town of Piedmont: and then a level drive of twenty miles to *Turin*. Rocks and precipices had melted away as though they had formed a part of the mist, and our eyes were regaled with a champaign country, planted out in orchards or vineyards, and intersected by long lines of mulberry trees. The road swept between hedges of the white acacia now in bloom, and recalled a pretty scene in Surrey on a smaller scale. At *Asti* we tasted a delicious wine of the country, and apples better than I ever ate any where.

. . . "Sunt nobis mitia poma."

GENOA.

May 20.

In a few hours we shall leave this city after a too brief stay. It is provoking, but I have long wished to see what Florence is like in the month of May, and we have no time to lose. The road from Turin hither introduced us to the battle-field of *Marengo*, and the fortified town of *Alessandria*.

The plain where Dessaix's arrival made Napoleon master of Italy is now given up to the culture of the Mulberry, every leaf of which is precious to the silk-factories in the neighbourhood, for silkworms must eat as well as great people. I saw nothing in the features of the spot which arrests attention like the field of Waterloo.

Alessandria is entered by covered bridges, and under the teeth of a heavy porteullis: it has in addition all the amiable devices of flanking towers, loopholed passages, and ramparts bristling with cannon. A strong place, truly. It might however be starved out; for I saw no provision within the citadel for growing a crop, a resource indispensable to all besieged places.

A stage or two over Apennine slopes shaggy with the Spanish chestnut brought us down upon the coast of the Mediterranean. Approaching *Genoa* the heights were thronged with villas where every terrace displayed a phalanx of roses. The site of this city is superb: westward, the eye follows, for a score or two of miles, the curve of the Bay, distant mountains dipping down upon it: eastward, *Genoa*, with her bold promontory and quay, dome and sundry towers, stands out like rock-work on the bright water. Behind the town are considerable heights, crowned by the fortress which *Mas-sena* held so stoutly, when they ate I believe their last horse.

We have visited the doge's palace, the *Serra*, the *duomo*, and a beautiful church. In their public buildings black and white occur alternately in horizontal layers: the effect of this on a tower a hundred and fifty feet high is pitiable; all unity, all impression of the sublime, is done away by these ledger lines. You are left with a feeling of wonderment at the immeasurable masses of marble, coupled with a regret that the republic should have had such a gigantic penchant for the pattern of a sailor's shirt.

The palace halls are enormous, whitewashed, and empty. In the duomo stands John Baptist's shrine, behind which no woman is ever permitted to go: for an obvious reason, certainly; whether a valid one may be doubted. The church "della Consolazione" has an absolute gallery of paintings on plafond and wainscot: this glare looks ill in a consecrated building.

After this it was a relief to stroll through the villa of the Marchese di Negri, where a charming view is obtained from one of the slopes. The owner has assembled some rare exotics, and a profusion of the usual ones. We noted the Cautouchou, Pepper-tree, Coffee-bush, and Date; and, amidst a wilderness of flowers, found the Scented Camelia. There were some splendid yellow roses, and orange and citron trees, at once in flower and fruit; the Magnolia, too, is odoriferous here. The effect under a southern sun was like that of a jar of pot-pourri first opened.

No villa bouquet, however, will wean my fancy from an old description in Bacon of the requisites for an English flower-garden and shrubbery; albeit I admit the yellow rose to be peerless.

But I hear the music of our courier's boots,

announcing that those jackals "i cavalli," in their old rope harness, are ready for us. So, a truce to horticultural remarks, and adieu to Doria's city.

FLORENCE.

May 24.

We arrived here yester-evening, having come through the finest country we have yet seen. Among many striking spots, no one who has viewed it at morning prime will forget *Spezia*, a little fishing-haunlet crowding round a corner of a bay of the Mediterranean. The road dips, at first, as if it meant to bisect the village, then turns at a sharp angle, and climbs a sandstone cliff, whose slope descends on the very eaves of the houses. On this spot I was first seized with a sense of Italian scenery. We were skirting banks tufted with the wild fig and olive; here and there hung a spiky aloe on the face of the rock, its huge cup-like recesses filled with liquid crystal; the early dew still lay heavy on the uplands, but behind these a forest of mountain tops rose fresh and clear in the

tawny air. I never saw such heavenly shades of blue; on the Apennines it varied from indigo to lilac, glowed like a sapphire in the vault above, and deepened to the tint of lapis lazuli in the silent gulf below. A mile further, and the scene had changed to expanded downs, with a wide sea-view.

Somewhere hercabouts, we became aware of the facility with which Italians beg under all circumstances. I had just drawn J.'s attention to a happy group assembled round a settle under a spreading plane; a girl was twirling the distaff, an old woman arranging the repast. "O! fortunati nimium" rose to my lips. As we turned a bow-ering hedge, they were hid for a few seconds; but they had caught a glimpse of the green carriage. Emerging from our cover, I beheld, with a feeling of real sorrow, the family coming "in formâ pauperum;" the smiling lively girl had made herself an object, another behind was dragging forward the mother to bring her up in time. All were importunate, with vehement gestures, in demanding "Carità, per l'amor di Dio!" The old lady looked absolutely wrathful at our proposing to escape.

As we drew near the city of the Arno, the

approaches bloomed with all the luxury of beauty: every feature told that art had guided labour, and that both had profited by a southern clime.

The forms of the Apennine now became softer, hedgerows and meadows multiplied, an admirable husbandry peeped forth, and we had glimpses of things not wholly unlike an English farm-house.

For some stages past I had occasionally noted a splendid insect, but now the road was a live museum: lizards coated with emerald flirted from under banks and stones, stag-beetles strayed across the pathway, busy sphynxes whizzed by the carriage-blinds. All was in keeping; there were villas glittering on every terrace, frescoes in every porch, the majestic Italian pine, and the musical Italian face. The men whom we met carried the hoe or the pruning-hook; the "contadine" spun at their cottage-doors, or loitered up and down in the large flapping straw-hat which is so becoming to plump features.

Entering the city by a fine level road, we drove to our hotel facing a pretty bridge; called for a dish of tea, unpacked a travelling-bag, fell in love with the Arno, and dropped asleep.

Here is a bright May-day, and we must be stirring

to choose an appartamento among the Grand Duke's lieges.

The waters of the Arno, where not turbid, appear to me seagreen: it is a pretty river, bordered on either side with glittering houses, and spanned by three stone bridges, two of which are elegant and one picturesque.

Month of July.

No city I was ever in can compete with this "Firenze" in beauty: it has the "vultus nimium lubricus aspicit" of Horace's nymph. Details which are so fine that they almost baffle detection, charm you in the ensemble at every step. Where are there spires so delicate as these, or turrets and belfries so picturesque? In vain should I seek to describe the effect of the chimes: it is evening now and they are ringing for vespers on the other side the river; those bells are close at hand, but there is nothing harsh in their music, for the liquid element as it glides between catches the tones on its bosom, and modulates them to the softness of a lady's lute. Dante had often heard this melody, and we owe to his native recollections of it some of the most exquisite stanzas he ever penned. The

" Squilla di lontano che paja il giorno pianger che si muore," was born on the banks of Arno.

Every public building here is a gem. The Badia steeple is polygonal; that of St. Maria Novella, pointed quadrangular; both are exquisite. What a fine ochre-tinted mass is the church of *Sta. Croce*. Then there is the oval duomo with its belfry of white marble, Giotto's world-renowned tower, palaces à l'Etrusque, and the Lung' Arno promenade. I admire those wide shelving pavements; they are laid down in huge many-sided blocks like the old Roman roads. The jewellers' bazaars give an almost Oriental cast to the pretty *Ponte Vecchio*: Gray asks,

" What female heart can gold despise ?
What cat's averse to fish ?"

Both should be bewitched here, what with the artizan's tray on one side, and the little hooped net alternately lowered and drawn up again on the other.

Paris is a fine city, with much to explore, but its environs are flat. Florence, teeming with marble beauty, lies in the midst of an undulating garden.

Here is a sketch taken from the *Cascine*:—

I.

"What is yon the stranger sees
Peeping through the silken trees,
Glittering bands of red and white,
Peaks and masses, rainbow dight?
Stranger, 'tis a city rare,
Tuscan Florence, passing fair.

II.

"What is yon with melting huc,
Now 'tis lilac, now 'tis blue;
Sharp the crest its outline heaves,
Just behind the cottage eaves?
Stranger, 'tis the mountain's line,
'Tis our purple Apennine.

III.

"What is yon comes dipping, dancing,
Sparkling, flashing, sweeping, glancing,
Whispering through the osier-bush,
Eddying round the tufted rush?
Stranger, 'tis the Tuscan's pride,
'Tis dear Arno's silver tide!"

These "cascine," translate if you like "farm-dairy," are the Champs Elysées of the Florentines; and the *Boboli gardens* are their Versailles. The cascine has real English-looking meadows, an enclosed parkish lawn, and a grove of luxuriant trees, with shrubbery, and a raised causeway along the Arno, to say nothing of that dear delight, the open gravelled circus for carriages, where the beau

monde of Florence assemble at the bidding of the evening star, and halt their horses for a chat during the intervals of the drive. The Boboli has arbours and colonnades of the Ilex, grottoes, fountains, and some groups in statuary.

The oxen in these parts are all dove-coloured, which I am told is the case throughout Tuscany: my informant added, that if any other colours are imported the animals speedily lose their "forestière" tint, and acquire this; an edifying trait, showing the obligation of wearing a uniform when you go to court thus recognised among oxen!

We have climbed the crag to *Fiesolè*, not to view the moon's spotty globe, but to breathe the freshest air under the dog-star, and to look at a bit of the old Etruscan wall. Seen from the convent's parapet edge, Florence resembled a tray of white porcelain, and the windings of Arno's silver thread could be followed nearly to Pisa. This Fiesolè was the ancient capital; the scene which it surveyed in former days was one widely different from the present coup-d'œil; the richly cultivated plain was then a marsh, and the actual site of Florence a forest full of wild boars; the spot is still marked in a small piazza, where a former grand duke nearly fell a

victim to one of these doughty pigs in the chase : here the citizens now draw the finest water in the city from the jaws of a brazen boar. The hill-road between Florence and the crag's top enjoys a singular heraldic privilege, that of making peers. When this tidy job was in hand, money was short, and the community of Fiesolè moved sundry individuals to let imprisoned angels loose, by a patent of family honours awarded in guerdon. I believe the old town still possesses this royal prerogative, but I have heard of no other instance of its being exercised. The road, as thus achieved, is a good one, and the title of "Fiesolè barons," though meant for a nickname, indicates a true patent, and belongs to some now living.

What would the stately Etruscan Lucumo say to this ? the king-descended chieftain, who deemed it condescension, if not degradation, to intermarry with the nobility of Greece and Rome ! The Lucumones however are gone : but other folks, "we little men," remain, and the above embodies a hint for workhouse overseers at home. Let them take juster views of the claims of our fellow-creatures who in merry England break stones for eight hours *per diem* on the highway. These hired

hands are not likely to be created barons, but at least we should not stint wages, nor grudge kindly treatment to God's image. Is not the "labouring man" the truest representative of him who was driven forth from the pure garden to eat bread in the sweat of his brow? Yes, he is; truer and nearer than the crowned monarch or the pensioned legislator. Look on him where he sits amidst the dust and heat: the hammer is in his hand and the wire mask on his face, and the substance of the curse is woven in his memory with scenes of "Big Union" and "New Poor-Law." God grant our hearts prove not harder than the granite which his weary arms have broken!

Statues and pictures are things rather to see than to write about. Still one likes to note first impressions. This fair and frail Florence teems with objects of the "belle arti" in piazzas and galleries. Soberly speaking, there is enough here well nigh to bewilder a set of plain English bruius.

The Grand Duke throws open the *Pitti* collection as liberally as an Irishman hands you the "'taties;" the *Uffizi* halls are seldom shut but on fast-days,—a tender consideration in this, for what makes one so hungry as looking at pictures? The *Accademia*,

too, is as free as a bazaar; and here you may watch the rising generation at their studies. It is a pretty enough institution; but I can't say I wish to see our English hearts set down to a board to copy horses' heads from Venice, friezes from Rome, or the legs of a Syracusan Venus.

A word or two on the great Piazza. *Annatonato's* "Neptune and Horses" are a finer group than any sculpture existing in Paris. *Giovanni di Bologna's* "Rape of a Sabine" is the pet of Florence; no doubt it has great merits, but modesty is not one. *Michael Angelo's* colossal "David" had better change his name; suppose we say "Nadir Shah." *Benvenuto Cellini's* "Perseus" is the finest bronze I ever dreamt of. One group is here worth walking all the way from Turin to look at, but it is antique. Homer's report of the battle scarcely surpasses this portraiture of "Ajax, or Menelaus supporting Patroclus's dead Body." The corpse is stripped, but the living warrior wears his helmet, on which you think you see the javelins raining, while he sustains the body of Achilles's friend. The drooping attitude of the one, the watchful guard of the other, are marvellously rendered. It seems to me that no chisels have ever come up to

the Greek in depicting tenderness. Canova is farther behind them in this than he is in majesty. Michael Angelo is not always natural; he is, however, original, having little that I can see in common with the Greek masters. In what is gloomy and terrible I conceive he has gone beyond them; his chisel reminds me of the pen of Æschylus, or the brush of Salvator Rosa. Perhaps Donatello was the best Italian sculptor.

The Old Palace of the Uffizj contains separate rooms of the different schools of painting which have risen in Europe. Like all collections which embrace a specimen of every kind, much of this is second-rate and wearisome. Here and there you come upon an old faded picture ill-hung, which nobody knows any thing about, but which fixes your attention: the catalogues give a guess at the author. The Gallery of Busts is extensive, but lacks a true nomenclature: those which are well authenticated are deeply interesting, as exhibiting the phrenological development of character: who can doubt what Augustus was in disposition, with that ambitious head and calm impassive cast of features? the contour, especially the lower part of the face, reminded me of Napoleon.

The Hall of Niobe is a great treat. This was a fine subject for a sculptor, embodying fervid natural affections with something of the sublime and mysterious. Colossal proportions always lack finish, but sometimes this is in their favour: certainly whenever one stops to examine details, the general effect is lost. The mother's attitude and gesture, as she endeavours to shelter her youngest, are noble and touching. The figures of the unhappy offspring, represented in flight round the hall, have been censured as being studied and theatrical. I should say they are natural enough, but undignified; the idea suggested is that of "sauve qui peut."

The truth is, however, a first visit to the *Uffizi* is made chiefly to see what the "Tribuna" contains. This is a small octagonal room, with light admitted only from above: the moment you enter you are conscious that some of the chefs-d'œuvre of the world in painting and sculpture are gathered round you. Of the marbles, I think the "Spy" is the most powerful figure: at the first look it always seems to me to be alive.

The "Dancing Fawn" has the additional merit of presenting active motion with exquisite balance. The "Wrestlers" I expected would edge along the

floor and roll over one. "Apollo" is a pretty, sleepy youth; faultless and uninteresting. The "Medicis' Venus" occupies a pedestal in the centre of the apartment. The charm of this figure is her incomparable attitude: Virgil remarks on the stately gait,—

— "et vera *incessu* patuit Dea;" —

Thompson, better, of his Musidora, —

"So *stands* the statue that enchants the world."

Modesty and dignity are combined in the general effect: if details were examined, there would be many faults found now, owing to its numerous restorations. The base of the pedestal bears inscribed

"Κλειώμενης ὁ Ἀθηναῖος:"

a good travelling name, but without a shadow of authority.

Perhaps the pictures are yet more choice. *Guerino's* "Sibyl" has a great deal of inspiration.

Andrea del Sarto's "Madonna and Child with two Saints," one of the most beautiful groups in the world.

Daniel da Volterra's "Massacre of the Innocents," a fine painting; probably Michael Angelo helped him in the foreshortening.

The "Fornarina," so called, ascribed to Raffael, because of its exquisite finish; but more likely to have been done by some Venetian painter, such as Giorgione.

The Titians here are well known by copies throughout Europe: the originals ought to be veiled, and the copies burnt.

I could not praise as they deserve the two youthful Madonnas with Christ and St. John, by Raffael, so will not attempt it. Has he ever equalled these productions in innocence and dignity?

At the *Pitti* there are not above five hundred paintings in all; and most of these are of large size; so that your eye is not wearied by multiplicity and diminutive figures.

The Salvator Rosas, Claudes, and Ruysdaels are wonderful things. Among the few small pictures here is the "Seggiola:" this was really painted on the bottom of a cask, the only board he had at hand. Who but Raffael Sanzio d' Urbino could have grouped and coloured this? But the Madonna's cast of countenance is noways comparable to that in the Tribuna.

Above six thousand copies in oils, mostly bad ones, have already been taken from this picture;

the greater part for England: the trade still goes on at the rate of a hundred a year. Very many of these are copied from one another.

Tuscan inlaid work may be admired here in some large tables: the materials are costly marbles, malachite, lapis-lazuli, and precious stones; and a mimic creation, animal, mineral, and vegetable, is rendered with the fidelity of the brush and palette. Whoever has seen Warwick Castle will remember a Tablet there, the work of Italian craftsmen, which may give some idea of productions of which a poet would say,—

“ Materiem superabat opus.”

Here are more halls of Sculpture. The “Venus Anadyomene” I don’t like; though it is a relief to see the marble original after the heavy bronze casts in Paris. *Canova’s* “Venus” is a wonderful performance for our day: it was this chef-d’œuvre which, when the Athenian beauty went a captive to the Louvre, filled the vacant pedestal, and received from the Italians the name of “La Consolatrice.” Certes this all-gifted people are an instance of the truth of Bacon’s remark “that men are only grown-up children.”

The "Cena" in San Salvi, by *Andrea del Sarto*, disappointed me. There is a lack of individuality in the Apostles' heads: moreover, they are not sufficiently dignified. Simple men, it is true, they were; fishermen &c.: but men who had left all and followed the Lord. Of course, as the artist must have living models, he sketched in his friends, but he might have selected them better. Leonardo da Vinci knew what was due to his stupendous theme: he would not take one man in a thousand while delineating the Twelve; and on the Saviour's head he exhausted all his powers of conception, and left to his country the noblest outline that was ever drawn.

Mr. *Power's* studio here collects a crowd of visitors. We have seen his "Eve," and his "Greek Slave," two original compositions. The first of these professes to represent abstract Woman; so says Mr. Power. She must not be a muse, or a sibyl, or a martyr; nor a clever woman, nor a dull woman, nor a heroine, nor a washerwoman; but an abstract woman, some six feet without her shoes, the fitter to be the mother of us all. The enthusiasm of artists makes one smile: how, in the name of goodness, is she to be abstract? What one of the sex

was ever abstract? Water that would not flow, fire that would not burn, were easier to discover than such an abstraction. Schiller's definition of a Housewife in the "Lied von der Glocke" might warn him against attempting such a creation. Consequently this beautiful statue is heavy and sleepy. The "Greck Slave" is in a different style, and will be a greater favourite. The story which her pretty but melancholy face tells is that of an Eastern market of the worst kind. Mr. Power is an agreeable man, and willing to impart his ideas in speech as well as in Carrara marble.

The rotunda of *San Lorenzo* contains the most extraordinary work of art in Florence: this is a sitting statue of a certain Duke of Urbino. The first glance at it made me start; Michael Angelo has graced the dark astute countenance with a plumed helmet, from under which the grim Duke literally scowls upon you. I thought of the "Uomo di Sasso" in "Don Juan," and of Alfouso's statue in the "Castle of Otranto," whose nose drops blood. "Day" and "Night," by the same chisel, are unfinished colossal figures: rude as they are, one forgets while gazing at them the lavished treasure of the Medicis in the panels all around.

The *Duomo* of Florence, looked at from any spot within half a mile, is heavy: but climb one of the hills a little farther off, and its elliptical proportions in the cupola are found to be delicate. The construction of this, the first double dome ever reared in Europe, by Arnolfo di Lapo and Brunelleschi, has furnished an interesting architectural memoir. The form of an egg is said to have suggested to the former its beautiful outline; the dome is, however, polygonal. Its cross clears 360 feet above the pavement of the Piazza; this is some 90 feet under St. Peter's. The Florence Cupola is, they say, by some few "braccia" the higher of the two, but the other is raised on prodigiously lofty piers. A few yards from the cathedral stands its *Campanile*, well known as Giotto's tower, and probably unmatched in the world, unless it be by some pile at Agra or Delhi. That extraordinary man built it, and must, I think, have had a pictorial vision of it for a twelvemonth before. Its height is, perhaps, two thirds of that of the *Duomo*, and from the square base on which it stands it rises at once into the perpendicular, without step or mound to break the simple right angle: this gives sublimity. The breadth of either side is about one sixth of the altitude, and the

exquisite finish bestowed on so stately an object surprises every one; though more than 500 years old, it looks as fresh as a Sèvres jar just come from glazing. Marbles of three different colours mingle in its composition; the balustrade on the top is pierced in open roses, and the lancet-windows are as light and spidery as twisted bronze-work can make them. Some famous statues by *Donatello* are hereabouts: one or two seem inclined to confabulate, as in M. Angelo's day, who complained because that of St. Mark would not speak to him; but they wait cleaning sadly,—at present, marble looks like bronze. I don't admire the *Baptistery*, because it is shaped like a cecotum: but even if it were faultless, one would forget its architecture at sight of the bronze gates it bears. One of these is a special prodigy, equal to Achilles's shield. *Ghiberti* expended thirty years' labour upon it. The Creation and the History of the Patriarchs are the subjects, simply and grandly treated. Despite of almost microscopic details and an "alto rilievo," the outlines are sharp and clear, as if of yesterday, thanks to an Italian climate.

Santa Croce contains the chief monuments raised by Florence to the memory of her illustrious men.

Alfieri's is the best, though hardly worthy of Canova. In *Dr. Lamia's* figure the drapery is very well managed. Those erected to *Galileo* and *Dante*, by Ricci, are enormous failures. Dante's case is worst of all: it would seem that Florence is neither to have the body of the "divin poeta," nor a cenotaph worthy of his name. This church has one good painting by Cigoli. I am sorry to say the building lacks a façade, though it fronts one of the largest piazzas in the city. Query, how many of the Italian churches are paid for? very few of them appear to be finished.

The *Church del Santo Spirito* is chaste and simple in its style of architecture. *Filippo Lippi's* pictures are here: this man's colouring is like a collar of emeralds on scarlet velvet. The Christ in marble is Michael Angelo's chef-d'œuvre: it has all his wonted power, with an indefinable sweetness which he has either not sought after, or else has failed of elsewhere.

The little *Church of the Carmelites* has Masaccio's frescoes in a compartment round the altar. The best painters have pondered these; Raffael engraved them on his brain. All honour to the man who depicted so simply and truly! They say the

spot has witnessed some singular scenes: it was here that Buonarotti had his nose flattened for ever by a "picturesque" blow from a companion's mallet.

John Baptist is the patron-saint of Florence. On the day of St. Giovanni, the sovereign heard mass and took the sacrament in the beautiful church of *Santa Maria Novella*. The morning opened with an endless procession filing through the principal streets and squares; this comprised the clergy, all the monks within the city parishes, and a body of troops, horse and foot, with the royal household. Pictured banners and crucifixes occurred at every hundred yards, and bands of choristers chanting as they went. I thought the visible splendour was unnecessarily adopted to honour a man who wore a camel's-hair garment and whose head Herod cut off in prison. If they would bestir themselves to put down every thing akin to the dancing daughter of Herodias, it were a fitter tribute. Something grotesque comes out on these occasions, as if to make pomp take physic. Did you ever see a wax flambeau? they are as plentiful here as blackberries: the sort commonly used consists of a number of candles a yard long, stuck side by side together, and forming a torch as

thick as a man's arm. All the wicks being lighted at once, and the motion of the air flaring them, the flow of melted wax is considerable. Now the choristers marched between a double row of these flambeaux carried by lads dressed as under-deacons; a little behind them was coming the archbishop with the consecrated host in a pix, and after him the sovereign on foot, bareheaded, and holding a taper; all Florence looked on from tapestried balcony and window, and the troops were drawn out rank and file in the Piazza. The *comp-d'œil* was solemn and gorgeous; nevertheless, throughout the whole length of the cortège where these flambeaux advanced, scores of urchins, mostly half-naked, elung by twos and threes round every bearer of a light, and serambled along with him towards the church steps. Some held up tin ladles, some broken saucers, some bits of dirty paper, others were content with their own paws—and what do you suppose they were all doing intently?—clutching the melted wax as it guttered over, and patting it up into a cake to carry home to their maninies!

As soon as the Grand Duke had communicated, an event notified to those outside the church by a volley from the muskets in the Piazza, the diver-

sions of the day commenced for the middling and lower classes. The town was as bright as a new dollar, every householder hung out at first, second, and third floors his gaudiest carpets, coverlids, and "fazzoletti;" shops were shut, cafés and stalls open, barrels of iced lemonade and huge slices of "cocomeri" promenaded the streets. Men, women, and children were dressed in rainbow patterns, and all was good humour, which is better than barren philosophy. The jockey races were ludicrous, and therefore satisfactory; nearly every rider was spilt, and the successful champion won chiefly because the others lost. It is but fair to note that they ride without saddle or stirrups.

The chariot races round the Piazza were heavy imitations of old Roman pastime. After this, five horses ran without riders two miles through the heart of the city, threading the living lane of people, whipped on by pendant goads, amid a continuous broadside of shouts and yells, but mad to win. The pace was first-rate. But will any prime minister or master of ceremonies expound wherein this redounds to the honour or blessedness of the preacher in the desert?

The Sovereign, with his Grand Duchess and

family, witnessed all from a raised platform, where all the people could look at them. The Grand Duchess is a handsome woman; and her royal spouse, whom you may meet of a summer's evening strolling in the Cascine, is the beau-ideal of — may I say it? — an English gentleman-farmer. By-the-by, Altezza would think it a compliment, for farming is his hobby. He fattens his soldiers on rice, and his cows, I believe, on oil-cake; and maintains, moreover, a preserve of the only pheasants near Florence, from which the Pope gets a “regalo” at Christmas.

The most delightful establishment here is one where the waters from mint, orange, elder-flowers, &c. are prepared; it is in the hands of the monks of St. Maria Novella, and no chemists in the city can compete with them. No one should visit Florence without visiting this. We saw stacks of roses and orange-blossoms, with whole regiments of flasks, and the perfume when you enter is delicious. These monks understand every thing; they bake the best bread, press the purest oil, and have cellars of unadulterated wine.

After this I think the prettiest sight are the straw bonnets, famous all over Europe. I have

forgot all the London prices, but good Tuscans sell well here; you may choose your straw according to your purse, from three crowns up to one hundred and twenty. Most of the finer pipes are dried in the neighbourhood; on a sunny morning the banks of the Arno are spread with them for a mile or two.

The weather is warm now, and folks are getting cautious about dogs, on the score of hydrophobia. Italian doctors are generally over-timid, but there are exceptions. Signor Z——, one of the leading men in the faculty here, tried the other day an experiment which would startle us in England. A man, had been bitten by a rabid dog, and the worst symptoms soon followed. It was suggested, the case being apparently hopeless, to try the effect of infusing a different saliva into the system. Viperine venom was fixed upon, as being powerful enough to ensure a counteracting affection; and nine live vipers were procured from Prince Napoleon Jerome Buonaparte, who keeps a ménagerie of those animals for philosophical purposes. All nine were made to bite the unhappy sufferer. The sequel was shocking; hydrophobic symptoms disappeared, but the man died of the vipers' bites.

Hereupon, as they succeeded in quelling the original evil, the faculty maintain that their remedy was good, only the dose administered was too large a one. (a)

Signor Zanetti conducted this operation : he is a quiet, intelligent man, but, as you may believe, fears nothing.

The police, however, hold prevention to be better than cure, and they adopt a summary process. All dogs found unmuzzled are immediately knocked on the head ; at night also a gratuitous distribution of poisoned sausages takes place in certain streets for the express benefit of hungry tykes. In this way they contrive to get rid of a good many.

Florence, end of August.

We start for Siena to-morrow morning, as sundry letters of introduction, unrepresented as yet, begin to sit heavy on my conscience. During this last month we have seen something of the Campagna here, in the course of a visit to the three sanctuaries of Tuscany. In Italy whenever you can exchange the beaten track for cross-roads and bye-paths over the hills, you gain immensely by it,

both in scenery and fresh air. Looking back upon this little jaunt, the varied landscapes into the heart of which it led us, and the agreeable company in which it was made, I do not know that we have enjoyed any thing so much since we have been abroad.

A drive of fourteen miles brought us to Pelago; here a friend met us by appointment, having kindly taken a holiday for that end, and in "trio" guise, with a single servant, and a spare mule to carry the "impedimenta," we proceeded on horse-back up the hill-path to *Vallombrosa*.

Let me here, while that verdant scene is fresh in my memory, pay a tribute in the person of one individual to the courtesy and bonhomie of the Italian character as developed in Tuscany; Signor V. de Tivoli, though his family is, I believe, Roman by extraction, has long been domiciled in Florence, and I think in his heart, he loves it as much as if it were his native city: his native land it is, but Italians see as wide a difference between Tuscany and the Papal States, or Lombardy and Naples, as we do between broad England and the land north of the Tweed; indeed they see a wider, for reasons which must be sought in their history. Sismondi's

book, now in everybody's hands, explains all this very well. Signor de Tivoli's kind heart and obliging demeanour are known to almost all English visitors: the end for which, with a constitution naturally delicate, he labours indefatigably is perhaps known to few: I believe he is the chief support of several poorer relatives.

We ascended a brae as fertile as the valley we had left beneath us, the prospect improving in beauty as we mounted. Two hours ride introduced us to a plot of ground allowed to run wild, but thickset with the arbutus and myrtle; spruce-firs growing up from the underwood: this was Milton's *Eden*. At the end of the wilderness an avenue of dark pines led to the court of the convent; threading it, we turned an outer corner of masonry, and dismounted on a green meadow, girt on two sides by pine trees, fenced with a garden enclosure on a third, and opening in front on a noble view of the Val d'Arno.

The monastery of Benedictines, with its court and offices, occupies, perhaps, an acre and a half of ground; behind this rose a wooded cliff, and a hill behind that, and midway towered a crag with the hermitage called "Paradisino," on its summit.

Shelving masses of rock peeped out at intervals from the dark brushwood, and a torrent trickled down a small ravine.

An Englishman with Milton in his hand, feels almost like a proprietor while thus placed :—

— “ Where delicious *Paradise*,
Now nearer, crowns with her inclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champaign head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access denied : and overhead up grew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene ; and as the ranks ascend,
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verdurous wall of *Paradise* up sprung.”

The cedar and palm are wanting now, but were likely enough there in Milton's day, as the Apennine woods have been fast thinning under the axe for many years in Tuscany. Allowing for this change, I do not know a more accurate sketch anywhere, not even in Wordsworth. The surrounding “ Eden ” was also no doubt wilder then than in its present aspect.

Milton was indebted to a tour in Italy for many

of his landscapes; but it is remarkable that the two poems which bear an Italian name contain features of scenery strictly English; I do not remember a foreign touch in either the "Allegro," or the "Penseroso," while "Paradise Lost," "Comus," and "Lycidas," teem with illustrations drawn from Italy. When the disguised son of Circe answers the lady's enquiry after her brothers, he speaks of "a green mantling vine," which must have been trained on trellis-work, as the brothers were standing under it "plucking ripe clusters." In the same passage occurs the mention of oxen used in ploughing. Both of these are familiar Italian features, the latter occurs in England also, but it is rare.

We found the brooks in Vallombrosa all unstrewn as yet, but there was no lack of foliage overhead, ripening for the blast of autumn; indeed, the main brook was little better than a rocky channel, with a few pools here and there barely sufficient to shelter the trout. In the "Casino," set apart for visitors, the "forestierajo" let us lack for nothing. After dining we roamed through its grounds, climbed the cliff, and got the tiptop view of Val d'Arno from the wall of the Paradisino. One

of the frati conducted the gentlemen of the party over the convent church. A large suite of offices is attached to it, the society being enormously wealthy and farming some of the best lands in Tuscany, their own property. I thought of the Bolton Abbey days of old England; and for the twentieth time, argued in my mind the question, "Have we gained or lost by the Reformation?" This question is a very difficult one to solve: we have certainly lost in some things, but we have gained in others. I think as regards the *poor*, we have mainly lost; for the Church was undoubtedly their shelter in a sense in which it is not so now in England. They have now the landlord or noble to look up to; formerly they had the abbot as well. Great as are in some parts the charities of the parochial clergy, these cannot counterbalance the depressing effect arising from diminished means: in many places the great tithes are now in the hands of lay-impropriators. Mr. P. Fraser Tytler, in one of his histories, asserts that the church lands were better cultivated under the old system than they can be now—if I do not misquote him. This would prove a great deal; for the fate of the poor hangs by the hand.

I saw nothing within the church so admirable as the choir, carved in black walnut, and some "terra cotta" groups by Luca della Robbia. The paintings, though vaunted, were perhaps as well away. I made a sketch of this pretty scene while my companion looked at the library, which is said to be a fine one.

Whoever purposes a ride to *Camaldoli* should dress himself or herself as they would for a day with the Fitzwilliam hounds. Seven hours were consumed on this cross-country road, though not much above twenty miles. It commenced by dykes and old watercourses, with an amiable interlude of pits and stumps of trees, and ended with a desperate scramble over the back of a schistous mountain. Our cattle behaved as unruly members of society do in the treadmill, they went forward because they could not help it; he who led the van laden with carpet-bags was unreasonably fractious; but for a boy's arm and cudgel he would have charged through our ranks and gone home half-a-dozen times.

It was a glowing sunset when we reached the glen where *Camaldoli* lies; the hills above were gorgeously tinted with the hues of harvest, while the

dell with its masses of white masonry and dark woods lay buried in shade. We were past the curfew hour and had to knock up the forestierajo to come and get us supper in the village and beds at the Casino. This frate was a jolly fellow and fond of the Inglesi. He not only catered for us and presided at the meal, but on our pressing him partook with us of the convent cheer. He was inquisitive about England, and among other questions asked what we did for wine. I told him that we bought of our neighbours, French, Spanish, and Portuguese. "What did we pay?" "Oh! a great deal too much; from 8 paulls to 30, a bottle," (a paull is about 5*d.* of our money.) He held up his hands at this, and he said he would bring us some "Vin dolce bianco," the "dolce" implying an assurance that you shall not swallow vinegar. It really was not so bad: something like cider, at a paul a bottle. After this he told us that his own income did not exceed 100 dollars a year, out of which he found everything, including his dress, which is a loose body-gown and hood of white flannel. This frate, like many others, is of good family.

Next day we scaled the cliff by a beautiful path

through a firwood to see the "Eremo" or San Romualdo's hermitage, connected with the convent. This is the place where divers of the Camaldolesi are sent, or come voluntarily, "per fare penitenza." It has been here 800 years, since the popedom of Sylvester II., who set Romualdo over it. The scene is wild and comfortless, and a very severe rule is followed by those undergoing the discipline. I went over some of the cells with my guide, who was unusually voluble in his replies to questions asked, of which I learnt the cause afterwards. The cells are wretched; generally bare earth under foot, a bench for furniture, a corner for a little straw at night, a wooden platter, and the crucifix on the wall. A devotional book is allowed, but speech is prohibited, save when they are chanting in church. The guide was making up for lost time in virtue of his office. I enquired how they fared in winter; "Molto male," was the reply: and then he told me that the January snowdrifts are tremendous, sometimes burying their little community of huts for many feet above the surface of the threshold. At these seasons the superior causes a bell to be rung an hour before matins, and the frati in turn relieve each other at the spade and

shovel to clear a path to the church. The cold also is severe, owing to the Apennine winds; and if any frate falls ill his danger and suffering are aggravated by there being no leech at hand. It was some comfort to know that fifteen days is generally the extreme period of their stay aloft. There were about a dozen actually on the Eremo list. Their church I thought beautiful; it has two Moorish-looking towers in front, and within is simply and reverently ordered. Here is a picture representing the "miracolo" of the saint arresting by his prayers the descent of a large tree, which threatens in its fall to crush the infant building. The reigning pope, I believe, is a Camaldolese.

Vallombrosa has the advantage of associations and a name, but parts of the Camaldoli scenery are finer. It seems it was originally called "Campo Amabile," in reference, perhaps, to a pretty parkish meadow in which the Casino stands. We left on the third morning; I now regret we did not stay several days.

There is nothing remarkable on the road to *Laverna*, unless it be the town of Bibbiena, perched on a crag in the valley, and famous for hogs. We traversed a rugged line of country, forded a pebbly

stream, and toiled across a moor; it was noon when we reached the foot of the cliff on whose summit this eagle's nest is lodged. The sun was now scorching up every thing round us: plants crackled, streams stood still, butterflies grew giddy and dropt asleep, and the stubbles by the roadside teemed with diminutive fleas! If naturalists won't credit this, I can't help it; I appeal to my terrier, Fox, who actually lost his pluck, and looked back ever and anon to see if his tail was coming behind him.

The paved way winding up the cliff was a stiff bit for horses who had come such a five hours' stage. Ours, however, got over it gaily, being doubtless aware of a store of fodder in the Franciscans' stalls above. Dante calls this mountain "crudo sasso infra Tever 'ed Arno." He is, as usual, very accurate. They say it is the central "punto" of Italy, reckoning from Savoy to the kingdom of Naples lengthwise. The platform on the summit looks down on a glorious prospect. There must be forty miles of Valdarno, as the crow flies, stretched out in a green map below, arms of the Apennine running across it here and there, and towns such as Poppi and Bibbiena shooting up like citadels from the vale.

After the luxury of a profound siesta for an hour, we made a meal on such fare as the friars could bring forth on a Friday. Soup and coffee with caviare and bread and butter spread the board. Tea we had brought with us from Florence, and it now proved a welcome treat.

This spot, though it can lay no claim to the beauties of Vallombrosa or Camaldoli, is as interesting as either of them. The rock is precipitous on three sides, with a depth varying from 200 to 300 feet; on the fourth side it runs out into a natural causeway, with buttresses of a columnar form, at sight of which it is said Hannibal turned back when meditating his descent on Valdarno. However this be, the features of the place are those of a fortress where much might be done at little cost to repel an invader.

The extent of the monastery is enormous; besides a very complete system of cells, here is the library, the refectory, and the kitchen and other offices, also a monk's farmacia. The beautiful church stands in a paved court edging on the cliff, a scene well fitted for contemplation. A long gallery is frescoed with the principal "events" in their founder's life, a series of daring impostures on the

part of certain monks improved upon from time to time. We heard as much of the marvellous as we could well digest at once, but a fresh batch of country people arriving, the young frate very soon heightened the picture. "Here," said he, "is the ledge of rock from which the blessed St. Francis was pitched by the devil into that field below." I rejected this, as being dishonouring to the saint's reputation, who was a right holy man, and noways devil-possessed; but our "cicerone" contended for the privilege of landing with unbroken bones, which certainly under the circumstances would be desirable.

It is a pity that they will insist upon "puffing" a man who stands as little in need of it as any who ever wore the hood and amice and went bare-foot.

The *caverns* in the face of the cliff are an undeniable wonder. You descend, perhaps, 100 feet by a winding stair outside, and enter by a natural portal. Here the scene was singular: huge blocks of stone, some of them 20 and 30 feet in length, and of all conceivable shapes, lay piled one upon another, far below the foundation of the monastery, in such utter confusion that they

reminded me of pebbles shot out of a wheelbarrow. One mass with a keel rides upon the back of another. The place has none of the features of a quarry. I asked the frate what he thought of it, geologically: "*È miracolo*," was the ready reply, which he explained by saying that when the rocks were rent at the crucifixion of our blessed Lord, this rending of the bowels of Laverna's mountain took place simultaneously. This was not so bad; indeed I never heard a Roman Catholic make a foolish answer when he had been at the trouble of thinking for himself; which latter is a rare thing with them.

As no woman may pass a night within these convent walls, I descended the cliff late in the evening with J——, to see that she was well cared for: a bed for us both in the little village could not be got, but we applied at the nunnery, where two sisters, advanced in life, agreed to make her comfortable; a pledge which they fulfilled well and kindly. Re-ascending the "*poggio faticoso ed alto*," I leaned on a stout ash-stick which I had cut in the meadow below. "*Un buon cavallo!*" said my guide, and quoted the proverb of "*Audare col cavallo di San Francesco*." It is certainly the

best horse hereabouts, for I remounted in half the time our four-footed friends had required in the morning. This frate was very inquisitive on the subject of the English railways.

An early ride of twenty miles next morning, and a drive of near fifty, brought us back to the banks of the Arno at the witching hour of eve,—“Come la mosca cede alla Zanzara.” On our way we passed the Campoldino, where Dante fought; and were shown, in a parish church, the “natural mummy” of his commentator, the Landino, dried like a plant in a herbarium!—a singularity upon which I feel no inclination to comment myself. I hear, however, these sort of things are by no means rare in Ireland; and I know that among the Scotch Highlands the bodies of such as die in winter are sometimes “salted up” in a chest until spring comes.

POGGIERELLO, NEAR SIENA.

Poggierello, near Siena, end of September.

THIS villa is a pretty spot in the immediate neighbourhood of the old Etruscan town; and we have had a month's cooling here after the sultry heats of Florence. Many things remind me of an English mansion in this place; we have a tidy lawn and a labyrinth of evergreens, and there is a great round well in the court behind. The main difference lies in the acres round the house being planted out with vines and olives, instead of apple trees and cabbages. Further, we have a hall with frescoes, twice as many rooms as we want, and a cast of Apollo in the garden. If that don't content us, we must be difficult to please.

The Northern Gate of Siena is but a mile distant, and whenever you lift your eyes to a block over the gateway you are invited to enter the city by an old legend which it bears; "Cor magis tibi Sena pandit!" Sena being the Julian name. This promise of hospitality is well kept. We have long since presented our letters, and have been kindly

received. The elegant mansion of Conte Pieri has always been thrown open to foreigners with a liberality and kindness of heart to which Siena is indebted for much of her present prosperity. I mention this one name from a sense of grateful obligation, and not as conveying to anybody information which is new to them. But there are several others, old and noble families, who are nothing behind the amiable Count and Countess in goodwill and graceful attentions. Perhaps our national character and demeanour would not be the worse of a little more "empressement" in this respect: demonstrations, when sincere, can hardly be overdone. A kind word sometimes goes further than a purse of gold.

If the utterance of good wishes and greetings may be held to indicate kindly feeling in the speaker, surely Italy is the home of benevolent courtesy. "May you wake up like a rose!" is a form of good-night which I have heard addressed to a lady on her retiring. "Felicissima notte!" is a very usual one; in which the superlative never sounds like heartless hyperbole, but rather reminds one of the fervent phraseology of our olden time.

The Grand Duke has a representative here in the person of a resident Governor who holds once in the week a sort of Court-soirée. The actual "locum tenens" is a Florentine, a matter somewhat grievous to the Siennese, who naturally are better pleased when the Sovereign's choice falls on some head among their own ancient houses. The old grudge of the middle ages has also left a feeling of rivalry on certain points between the two cities; and Florence being the favoured capital while Siena is now only a provincial town, the latter hardly gets fair play at times. The Count Serristori is, however, reputed an upright and active minister: and where there is esteem, liking will always follow.

Society is on an easy, chatty footing in the circles of Siena. There is a good deal of dancing, continual whist of the kind called "Sturm" imported from Russia, and a musical assembly once a week at the Contessa Pieri's. The singing, such as we have heard, is mediocre; but we came late in the season for the nightingales as well as for the festas. From our windows here we have two or three sketchable views: in one of these the mountain of Santa Fiora, an extinct volcano, comes in;

in another a picturesque tower, which the country-people call "Palazzo dei Diavoli," for an absurd reason as far as I can gather. It was tenanted once by a family named "Turco," the members of which came to be pluralised as "Turchi;" the contadini understanding by this nothing better than "Turks and Infidels," nicknamed the place as above. They now aver, however, that they were astrologers, and that an unholy use was made of their beautiful cylindrical tower. The prejudice against anything of the "starry Galileo" was probably rife here as in Pisa; so I dare say the amount of it was that the Turco family peeped at Venus and Jupiter through some sort of telescope.

Siena occupies the crest of a hill, and is built on a singular ground-plan resembling the figure of a star-fish. If you chance to be at the end of one of these rays and wish to make a call in another you must first return to the heart of the city; for the surface of the ground runs in alternate ridges and ravines, and the houses cover the former. The population has dwindled from 100,000 to 20,000: indeed none of the Tuscan cities have recovered from the devastations of the plague which ravaged them in the time of Boccaccio. This city with



Das Schloss zu Hohenhausen

Das Schloss zu Hohenhausen
im Jahre 1840

Florence and Pisa lost it seems among them from 200,000 to 300,000 souls! and this in a few months. Poor Siena has now hindrances of her own: not only has her riding-school been knocked on the head, — a measure which I was gravely assured had endangered the peace of the Tuscan States,— but what is a far more serious matter, her criminal Court is removed to Florence. One awkward result of this is, that if one man stabs another in a street-brawl, every soul decamps for fear of being summoned fifty miles to the capital to give evidence, a trouble which no Italian would encounter on any consideration. This has twice occurred no very long time ago. In one instance the wounded man ran a mile, his blood marking the track, before he could get surgical aid, it being late in the evening. The abolishment in Tuscany of the punishment of death is supposed to have greatly diminished the number of cases of this sort: may it not rather have operated to keep back evidence? for an informer dreads the vengeance of the surviving culprit, whereas “dead men do not bite.”

The favourite resort of the beau-monde here is a small green, or rather brown plot called the “*Lizza* :” hither come the carriages to drive round

the diminutive enclosure—hither also come the townspeople with the *bonnes* and children to tread the turf and loiter under the stunted trees. After the Cascine of Florence it looks like a doll's garden; still the scene is always cheerful, recalling ideas of home. A few yards further are the Fortezza and battlements, with a purple view at sunset of the country towards the Maremma.

We have had a hailstorm here of a kind seldom seen in England. The moment the black cloud appeared in front of our hall, we ran to close the outer shutters, but were too late by a few seconds to save our glass. Pieces of ice of the size of walnuts dashed through some fifty panes in a twinkling: one lump I picked up was as big as a hen's egg. This frozen artillery kept up a discharge of nearly five minutes' duration. In the evening we found the storm had driven in a multitude of mosquitoes from the vines. These creatures tease us here whenever the gauze-net is out of order: if it has a brack as large as your finger-nail you are sure to be woke in the dead of the night by a noise like that of fairy kettle-drums and fifes, with a sensation of poisonous heat on your face and hands. The bites are worse on the third day, and sometimes do not

disappear for a week: there is no remedy but cold water and a little vinegar, and this acts but feebly. The mosquito is just our English gnat, only blacker and lumped at the shoulder: he is the only insect I care a straw about in Italy.

This city has one noble structure, the *Duomo*, a vast pile in the Italo-gothic style, so that you find round and pointed arches intermixed with many other eccentricities. It is unfinished, and must ever remain so now; had it been completed on the original plan it would have been by much the largest building I ever saw, as there is evidence on the spot that all which is now extant formed only an aisle in the architect's design. The façade, however, is finished, a rare thing in Italy, and very beautiful it is. Here are grotesque animals, sculptured to represent the different cities of the League; Orvieto's goose, Pisa's hare, Perugia's stork, and many others which I don't at this moment remember. The she-wolf is for Siena, and an elephant and castle, I think, for Rome.

The figures of the two angels bending before the name of Jesus over the portal are very noble: and the idea is one of those ocular preachings which meet you at almost every step in Italy.

Indeed it is the Church emblems and pictures which mainly educate the people, who for the most part can neither read nor write. The interior of a Roman Catholic Church is an illustrated catechism, sometimes mingled with fable, but never suppressing fact.

It appears to me that a Roman Catholic as he is has one immense advantage over a Protestant as he is; supposing them both to be "good men and true," and determined not to go through the mockery of what is called in Ireland "a Conversion" either way. It is this: the Catholic's Church is always open, his priest always at hand: go where you will, matins and vespers are thronged, in some one or more of the parish-churches. No one can estimate the effect of this till he visits a Catholic country and resides awhile. It ensures seasons of rest; it keeps alive the feeling of mercy; it yields time for reflection, and oftentimes opens a door to repentance, and crushes the wicked deed in the bud of the wicked thought. The feverish crowded struggle of a headlong world is abated from hour to hour; the counter and the bank do not become an imperious Moloch, absorbing the being of man and devouring his energies; but each and all, as they

bow the knee or drop the curtsey, and retire with the simple sign of the Cross, carry away with them the remembrance that they have a nobler part, and a higher calling than the thing we term "self" and the "fashion which passeth away."

An Englishman may object to so many pictures; he will think many of the rites overdone and burdensome on both ministers and people; he may even misdoubt some among the ordained priests; if he cherishes a kindly heart, he will meet with much to make him sad; but he can never for a moment doubt that he is walking in a Christian land, among a baptized people, who, however crushed by burdens, or "travestied" in human inventions, do nevertheless develope all the prominent features of the faith in Christ.

I remember in Florence seeing the artisans in the streets lift their caps when the "mezzo-giorno" bell sounds; this is to thank God for his blessings in creation at the moment when the sun culminates on the meridian. On the Rhine or the Moselle the boatman rests on his oars, and the passengers bow the head and cross themselves as they hear the Ave Maria bell. In Britain, the opposite to all this obtains. Through a dread of conforming to Rome

we have discarded some good things which did not flow from Rome: our very proverbs are losing their force, and the old sayings of our more pious forefathers reproach us with their non-fulfilment. With what face could we now repeat the couplet of the bygone time?

"Be the day never so long,
At length cometh even'-song."

It once pointed to a living consolation, a daily communion of worship: now it is become a dead letter.

The interior of this cathedral pleases every one; its vault is azure, with silver stars; so appropriate a panelling ensures a good effect. The pulpit and stair are embossed in white marble like ivory. Here are the bold paintings of Beccafumi, who, like Giotto, was bred a shepherd-boy, and Duccio's pavement, a work unique in Italy; the figures being portrayed by lines of a dark grey marble let into a white ground, and the effect resembling that of chucks on a Bristol board. The church contains one warlike trophy, the poles of the carroccio taken from the Florentines at the battle of Monte Aperti: of these the Siennese, man, woman, and child, are sufficiently vain.

Many large churches are here, disproportioned to the present population of the city ; the dimensions of *San Domenico* are enormous ; I fear to state them from memory, but the vast arch in the transepts is a noble thing, and would be thought so anywhere. Here is a Madonna painted by Guido da Siena, and bearing the date of 1221, nineteen years before Cimabue was born : if they are correct in this quotation, the claim of the Siennese to being the earliest school in Italy is established. However this be, Sodoma's paintings here are more to my mind than many of Raffaello's : look at his " St. Catherine fainting between two nuns ;" who has produced anything more powerful than this ? In *San Quirico* we saw two fine pictures by Vanni : one a " Flight into Egypt."

The *Town-hall* has a Babel tower and some more Beccafumis. A pretty gothic font is here, which the people will call "Fonte Branda ;" Dante's "fonte Branda" it certainly is not ; for that rises somewhere near *Stia*, between Florence and Camaldoli : I made a note of it at the time, but we were too lazy to climb a sandstone cliff under a baking sun to look at it : the site may be known by some old towers. *Belcaro* in this neighbour-

hood is a pretty drive : this is at once a villa and a fortress, and commands from its belvedere the best view of the Maremma country. Its porch and chapel are adorned with some fast-fading frescoes by B. Peruzzi; our guide said "Raffaelle." Raffaelle must have painted through five long lives, instead of one short one, if he did all that is ascribed to him.

All the slopes hereabouts are finely cultivated : Judea could hardly have had a richer dowry than this favoured land.— Vines, olives, fig, mulberry, pomegranates, cover scores of square-miles. The main profits are drawn from the olive, whose culture is as carefully regulated as that of the vines along the Rhine. A compost of farmyard ingredients is heaped round the stem of each tree to a height of 2 or 3 feet, to ensure warmth : the crop is in alternate years, between which the trees lie fallow as to any gathering. The olive hangs till it is the colour of a ripe mulberry. Their red "vin ordinario" here is excellent : I think equal to "Hermitage," but you must temper it with water. I only wish the people would fat their fowls as they do themselves, but these are wholly cast on Providence. Dogs and cats the same. Even the

horses do not get much corn ; but plenty of lupins and grass, and I dare say green rice, which now and then carries them off by a dysentery. All these matters an Italian takes very coolly. They are most affected by the loss of anything that is beautiful : and all persons and animals are classed as being "pretty" or "ugly," as if these implied intrinsic moral character : the white ox in the vineyard is called "Bellino;" a parent mentioning the "ragazze" always tells you of this or that, that she is "bella" or "brutta," as the case may be : our cook's little daughter is very poorly and the mother fears she will die : the father says "Mi dispiace molto per questa piccola : era tanto graziosa !" There is both affection and levity in this.

A custom in society here is when you get pretty intimate to address every body, married or single, by their Christian name. If we stay another month among these kind people, your humble servant and his better half will be "Giovanni" and "Giovanna," and never any thing else.

Florence again ; November 26th.

Six weeks have been spent in saying farewell to this beautiful city, owing to our having been detained

by a flood from the Arno. The waters are now at length drying up, and to-morrow we quit it on the road to Rome. A month since we ran down to Pisa, and saw the *Leaning Tower*, which, after Giotto's Campanile here, is the choicest thing in Tuscany. Connoisseurs find fault with the irregular style of a building where the columns vary in size and order. It is sometimes a pleasure not to be learned enough to criticise; I confess this struck me as a peculiar charm, contrasting as it does with the monotonous, metal-roofed Duomo and Baptistry, where one accurate pattern is repeated throughout each tier, with the minute perfection of an Indian Pagoda. From the summit of the Campanile, you get a good idea of the country round. Bold cliffs, a marshy plain bisected by the Leghorn Railway, and far away that city clustering like an oyster-bed on the marine bay. The notion that this tower was originally intended to slant is now exploded; a little examination on the spot would be sufficient to convince any one of the contrary. The upper stories are slightly curved in the opposite direction, so as to give to the tower the form of the bole of a tree. The idea never occurred to the architect till the lower part of the building had

sunk and "settled" through the boggy nature of the ground. These same springs still flood its area, and produce that grass of vivid green which clothes the piazza. Moreover, the Duomo and Baptistery both of them lean over; but in their case the slope merely looks awkward, not being sufficiently marked to form a picturesque angle with the horizon.

The *Duomo* is certainly a gorgeous pile, but too tricky and pagoda-like to hit my taste, as a cathedral. The paintings here by Andrea del Sarto are exquisite; two of these are imaginary portraits of saints, and may be found near the high altar; the other is a St. Agnes, and hangs on a pillar of the nave, protected by a see-curtain. Till I saw these I had no idea how well he could paint.

The *Campo Santo* demands more time than all the other sights in Pisa together. Here is the field of "holy earth" from Palestine, some rare objects of antiquity, and Orgagna's frescoes with others. His "Triumph of Death" is a fanciful thing, but with a reality in some of the groups which could hardly be surpassed. His "Last Judgment" I did not admire: I think he had better have let the subject alone, if only out of reverence. M. Angelo is

said to have borrowed from it largely; if so, I shall not like his great picture in the Sistine Chapel.

The site of the "Torre della fame" presents nothing of the tower now, save its fearful memory, but that will last till the crack of doom. It does not, however, appear to be well ascertained how many of his sons or grandsons were locked up with Ugolino when the keys were thrown into the Arno.

" Ah! Pisa! vituperio delle genti
Del bel paese là dove il sì suona,
Poichè i vicini a te punir son lenti,
Muovansi la Capraja e la Gorgona
E faccian siepe ad Arno in su la foce
Sì che egli annieghi in te ogni persona!"

Not a very christian wish, O Dante! But between Florence and Pisa there was no love lost.

Can any one explain the iron pin and pendent chain with the legend "Alla giornata" on the wall of the Lanfredueci Palace? Did it imply a daily victim? Was the "marble city" after all nothing better than a shambles?

In the town of Leghorn we looked into a Jewish synagogue; had I not been told, I might have thought it an exchange. Numbers were present, but all in hats or turbans, and talking aloud.

The Florentines say that the late flood here might have been avoided, with all its ravages, had Fossombroni's advice, reiterated in testamentary papers, been followed. He foretold all these consequences in case they did not take heed to certain precautions in the system of draining, which has long been going on in the Val di Chiana. The plan recommended by the late prime minister was a "colmata," producing an effect similar to what they call "wharping" in Lincolnshire. A bog is first dammed up, and then a torrent from the hills charged with lime and alluvial matter is let into it; this being allowed to stand for perhaps a couple of months, a solid deposit gradually accumulates on the surface of the bog; and, by repeating the process, any depth of marsh may be filled up, and a fertile substratum for future crops obtained. Fossombroni in this way redeemed many thousands of acres from sterility and malaria: but patience was needed, and watchfulness against sundry awkward possibilities to be counteracted by a continual measuring of the channels and also of the river's speed. To say that I thoroughly understand so difficult a subject were absurd; indeed I can't find any body who does (note [b]); but one

thing all are agreed in: as soon as Fossonbroni was dead, the Grand Duke pushed forward a hobby of his own—a big canal, which was to do the work much quicker. And it now seems that the Arno was sluiced too rapidly for safety; a tremendous thunderstorm, coming on the back of a week's previous rain, coincided with the removal of certain important dykes, and Florence was visited at once by a treble measure of water above her bridges. “Hinc illæ lacrymæ.”

The damage to property is now nearly one fourth made good, by great exertions; but six persons have been drowned.

All classes have done their best in aid of the general distress; the sovereign has worked hardest of all, superintending in person the distribution of bread, wine, coals, &c., among the poorer families. Subscription lists at the bankers are filling, charity balls and concerts have been given in every direction; the troops have been picketted in bands to labour at removing the mud, and Florence is beginning to look like itself again. But for the space of a fortnight the aspect of things was dolorous. The pretty suspension bridge went like a snapped thread; one-fifth of the habitable city

was sloughed with mud several feet deep, pavements were lifted, walls laid flat, pipes choked, shops gutted, sills dashed in, pictures and statues went to Numa and Aucus; the Cascine became another marsh; hares and pheasants caught cold and died; and, but for what mortals call good luck, the Ponte Vecchio, one of the chiefest ornaments of Florence, and immensely important as a thoroughfare, would have been carried away. I saw the wave within two feet of the crown of the central arch; had the tide surmounted that brief interval, the entire structure, shops and all, would have disappeared.

ROME.

December 4.

After a week's wandering through Etruscan cities, and among Apennine water-falls, here are the walls of old Rome, the Tiber and its bridges, the Coliseum and St. Peter's. We have had a first look, and that is all as yet, but though only a look, it has opened another world of ideas which no engraved plate or pictured volume ever woke before.

There could not be a better introduction to the city of the Cæsars, than the road which winds for two hundred miles through ancient Etruria and the darkly wooded Umbrian plains. I marked nothing of special note before reaching Arezzo, except the view of Florence from the pass of *San Donato*; but that farewell view was wondrous fair.

Arezzo is a pretty town enough, richer in records of the middle ages than in any relies of high antiquity. In the cathedral is the tomb of the fighting Bishop of Petramala, worked after designs by Giotto: not to admire some of the groups is impossible, but there are too many details followed out; I should like it better if it were simpler. In the Badia Church we saw a "perspective cupola," the first that ever blessed my eyes; here is ingenuity, and a good deal of effect: but it was a silly faney to practise an ocular deception in the swelling dome, where all ought to be solemn and majestic. What so unsophisticated as the blue vault of heaven, and why should its architectural emblem be otherwise?

Arezzo contains the house where Petrarch was born — "*rara avis in terris*;" also a capital inn, itself as uncommon as a black swan in these parts.

Cortona may very likely be the oldest city in Italy: it is supposed anterior to Troy. I am tempted to quote, but the name of Dardanus's town may be found in the 7th book of the *Æneid*. Corytus, it seems, was a son of Janus, and gave his name to the city. Here scaling the hill in one of the country cars, we found on the summit a noble range of Etruscan walls. The blocks are more massive than at Fiesolè, and the lines of masonry extend further: a modern superstructure mostly rests upon them, but the old thing, without mortar, without bands of iron, pin, or buttress, will probably outlast all that stands upon it or beside it. These blocks may fairly be termed eloquent, but in the town are other not less speaking attractions. The museum is rich in bronzes, of course from the rifled tombs of Etruria. What a stately nation was this! They had newly got out a massive, circular ornament, as big as an eight-day clock, and at the first glance not unlike one: but the learned curator of the antiquities does not as yet hazard a guess as to what this may have been; probably some sacred vessel.

As to works of art of a later date, the town is peopled with the creations of *Beato Angelico da*

Fiesolè: the sweetness of the countenances portrayed by this frate, who never did anything for money, delights every soul; it is like a vision of angels on varnished wood. The rich old fancy of gold leaf ornament harmonises admirably in his paintings. Among those we looked at, an "Annunciation" is perhaps the best. *Cigoli's* picture of the "Miracolo," representing a heretic converted by the devotion of St. Antony's mule, is at once a marvellous work of art and an ill-chosen subject. Why not take a true story from Scripture, as Balaam's ass? *Luca Signorelli's* painting of the dead Christ I did not like. It is in Sta. Margherita, a convent which crowns the highest point of the rock: this building is beautiful Gothic, with a wheel-window of exquisite workmanship. They showed us in the cathedral a large sarcophagus of white marble, bearing on one side a battle in bold relieve. This, from having been found on the plain of Trasimene below, has been thought to be that of Flaminius: it lacks, however, an inscription. Descending from the height on which Cortona is built, we took at a foot's pace the road which winds through the pass once so fatal to Consular Rome. The wild lake lay on our right, with a beautiful

castellated promontory jutting out for half a mile on its bosom. To every reader of Mr. Hobhouse's "Notes" the scene is as familiar as an accurate description can render it. The marvel is, how Flaminius was beguiled into entering such a trap. He knew that Hannibal lay hercabouts, and if he was acquainted, as he surely must have been, with the nature of ground so near his camp at Arezzo, how could he suppose the wily Carthaginian would omit to line with his troops the jaws of such a pass? Livy ascribes all his wayward conduct at this time to rashness of personal character, goaded by ambition, and blinded by political intrigues. But Livy is a romancer. The act was one of deliberate madness in any commander. Had the catastrophe which ensued occurred in the times of feudal chivalry, one would presume that some fatal pledge had been given, binding him to accept battle at all odds when offered by the Carthaginian.

From the moment the Roman legions had entered the pass, Hannibal had the game in his own hands.

I made a rapid sketch of the lake and shore with Borghetto, and another more leisurely of "Hannibal's Tower:" this latter is a massive grey ruin,

matted with ivy and brambles crawling over a window of red tufo.

Our next Etruscan capital was *Perugia*, second only to Cortona in antiquity. Nothing under a visit of a week could do justice to all which this city contains worthy of note. Its site is almost Alpine: oxen are needed in addition to your own team to climb the hill, towards the summit of which the ranges of masonry rise, tier above tier, a gigantic stair in the rock. The Apennines here are capped with fields of snow, and when a breeze springs up in that direction you feel as if iced water were dashed in your face. We were glad to huddle on all our wraps, yet a few miles below we had left a burning glebe and panting herdsmen.

Here are above a score of gorgeous churches, where the pictures of Pietro vie with the stained glass in the oriel windows. This master's best frescoes cover a vault in the Sala del Cambio. The church of S. Pietro Martini contains his glorious altar-piece, a Madonna and child, with two angels hovering on either side: and he has left along with Sasso Ferrato some exquisite busts of saints in S. P. dei Casinensi.

In the Cathedral we saw *Baroccio's* masterpiece, a "Deposition from the Cross." If it be true that the artist was undergoing the agonies of poison when he painted it, then the picture furnishes another proof that our latent powers are more dependent for their development on some impulse of spirit, than on any condition of body. Tremendous energies are evinced in the work: the face of one of the Marys all drowned in tears dwelt long on my vision after quitting the spot. The French stole this for the Louvre; afterwards the Pope seized it for the Vatican: I don't know how His Holiness was induced to refund. Whoever visits the "Casinensi" should ask the monk to lead him to a balcony behind the tribune; the prospect from it embodies the grander features of Italian landscape: the valley of the Tiber is seen as far as Assisi, and dark lines of mountains fill up the back ground.

San Domenico is a very rich church, but its chief ornament is the monument of Benedict XI. by Giovanni di Pisa; a chaste and touching performance, far more pleasing than the warlike relieves on Guido Tarlati's tomb at Arezzo. Two

angels are drawing aside the curtains of the bier, so as to show the recumbent corpse within.

We got a sight of Raffaello's "Staffa Madonna," in the Connestabili's Palace belonging to that family — a picture of some ten inches high: the Virgin is reading, and the child looking over the book. I know of no production of his resembling it; if Raffaello really did this thing before he was nineteen, great as were his subsequent achievements his early promise was even greater.

An English lady is now residing abroad who bids fair to effect a new æra in the destinies of subjects by the old masters: her copies executed in water-colours will perpetuate, in the condition in which we now see them, many fine paintings which can hardly withstand uninjured another ten years' wear. Miss Chawner is, I believe, self-taught, and does not consider herself as possessed of the professional knowledge which many dilettanti have in the art; but in what she produces with brush and pallet she surpasses all who have hitherto essayed to repeat the old masters. With Raffaello, with Correggio, with Titian, her success is marvellous; the "ritratto" being a fac-simile as to resemblance, and giving the effect

of the dead look of an old painting, which copies in oils never do until themselves cracked and dusty. Her method excludes all use of body-colour; but when the picture is finished, a little varnish is applied for preservation.

AVGVSTA PERVSIA

is graven on the fine old arch of this city: an Etruscan gateway and a Roman inscription! not a bad specimen of the monopolising system of the great plagiarist Augustus. He had the grace, however, to leave untouched the blocks, which indeed were too heavy to be moved without difficulty. Here, as at Cortona, the masonry is simply the travertine masses squared and fitted without band or cement.

We left Perugia with regret, our only consolation being that we also left an incurably smoky chimney in our sitting-room at the inn. I had heard of the famous excavations in the neighbourhood, and that the cemetery to which they belong is supposed to have matched in its plan and extent the ancient city itself. A mile or two on this side of the gates we came upon the site. Had I not known that Colizzi had been here burrowing, I

might almost have taken our guide for a magician, or one of the genii in the old fables, as he led the way over some broken ground not unlike a rabbit-warren. "Di quà Signora;" we turned the edge of a bank, and a flight of steps appeared with the red earth trenched and laid open round it. Now we are down in a twinkling: that shady cavern seems squared like a chamber in the rock; one leaf remains of the two which once formed a folding-door at its entrance; the guide is turning it back on its pivot, let us step in. What a singular apartment! A clean floor, two large stone sarcophagi, a broken urn, pendent lamps, and a mimic genius swinging from the roof by a bronze thread. That stern countenance facing the portal can be no other than Medusa. Our guide says all this is an Etruscan tomb, and he is right: some scores more lie in the same state around us, and probably many hundreds which have not yet been re-opened. Colizzi has removed the figured "tazze," the "focolari," bronze ornaments, and jewels in solid gold — but the rest, just as it now appears, was sealed up after dedication some three thousand years ago.

Solemn thoughts rush on the mind when con-

templating such a chamber, "empty, swept and garnished," but still the consecrated resting-place of the dead; where piety and affection paid the last and dearest tribute to departed heroism and worth. Truly, the "*funger inani munere*" bespeaks a long and deeply rooted instinct. Deem not slightly of a race of whom nought save this is left. Egypt has her pyramids, Etruria her chambers in the rock; both *were tombs*, to shelter the ashes of kindred, and haply one day to tell posterity of their rites and customs. This nation culminated in fame and earthly glory, before imperial Rome, with her senate and people, was heard of. If the visitor likes to dip his hand in where that ponderous stone lid has been lifted, he may touch the bones of departed chiefs and rulers. But beware of the mystic genius overhead, all you who harbour thoughts of covetousness or pride: he is the guardian of the tomb.

Scholars have perused the following passage in the original of Dionysius of Halicarnassus. The Italian version seems aptest now.

"Gli Etruschi furono arrestati nel corso della loro prosperità dall'ira degli Dei, che li oppresse con una spaventosa sterilità cagionata da una siccità

senza esempio, che desolò le famiglie, devastò le campagne, distrusse i bestiami, e fece perfino disseccare le sorgenti delle acque. Le genti in queste deplorabili estremità si moriano di terribili malattie, perchè la nazione, colpita da terrore, inviò all' oracolo, consultandolo sui mezzi di disarmare lo sdegno degli Dei. E la risposta fu, di dovere a Giove, ad Apollo, ed ai Cabiri offerire la decima parte di quanto aveano di più prezioso.

“ Questo essi si fecero: ma l' oracolo si dichiarò meglio, che esigeva la decima parte degli uomini! A questo annunzio funesto la costernazione si sparse in tutti. Ognuno temette a se medesimo, e per quanto avea più a cuore l'esecuzione dell' oracolo. In poco tempo gli amici più intimi si allontanarono dagli amici, i parenti dai parenti; le case furono abbandonate; le città deserte; tutti presero la fuga. Si ritirarono in Grecia, e così privi d'ogni soccorso perdettero i loro possedimenti: e quell' impero, colpito nella sorgente delle sue forze, cioè privo della sua popolazione, miseramente ruinò, nè più potette riaversi.”

So says the Greek historian. This Etruria had twelve kingdoms, with twelve capital cities and twelve mighty kings. Porsenna, king of Clusium,

who curbed and humbled Rome, was one. Each capital had its province of subordinate townships, its senate, and its army. But what nation could endure that worshipped false gods, and consulted the oracles of devils!

True, Rome had done so already for many centuries. But, may we not say that Rome's case is peculiar; seeing that her gigantic career had been traced out in the chart of prophecy ages before, and the final overthrow of her colossal strength predicted in the inspired Word?

Shortly after this we quitted Etruria, and entered Umbria by the bridge of San Giovanni over the Tiber. The stream here was prettily fringed, and its waters were yellow already. We stopped at a majestic church, "Sta. Maria degli Angeli." Here is St. Francis's Gothic Chapel, cell of penance, garden of now thornless roses, and many other wondrous things. The church contains Overbeck's picture of the Saint's Vision. Surely this German is the greatest living painter after the all-talented Vernet. We were eager to get up to Assisi on the hill, and so did not tarry very long below. Arrived, and past the double doorway of the "Sacro Convento," after regarding the noblest

wheel-window in Italy, we found there were three temples, built one over another, the lowest being subterranean. The upper church is pure Gothic, that is, about as pure as you will find in Italy. It is still rich with the frescoes of Cimabue and Giotto, but owing to the bad repair in which the roof is kept they are perishing rapidly. I felt vexed at this negligence in so wealthy a society. While we were pacing the nave, something fell from the roof: on stooping to pick up what I supposed to be a piece of delicate iron tracery, I found it was a scorpion; he had been killed by dropping perhaps sixty feet on the pavement, within a few paces of where we stood. Had he lit upon one of us we should have been severely stung. The middle church is a glorious structure for those who love the profound shade caused by deep-groined vaults and low arches; but the style of its embellishments is rather adapted to an oriental mosque than a Christian church. The quadrilateral vault with the Giotto's is very curious and interesting; I only regretted that the light which illumined it was so feeble. Here is the enthusiastic career of St. Francis depicted under divers allegories. Every one has heard or read of these. The group sym-

bolizing his vow of absolute poverty I thought the best done, as it is the most strikingly conceived. "Poverty" is a woman standing among thorns, and Christ gives away the bride. Here it is well known that Dante helped him, whose fertile brain was perhaps never equalled in this line, save by our Bunyan. The lower church is more impressive by far; it is hewn out in the native rock, all round the block of travertine, in which the saint's body was found. This was the foundation, and over it all the rest of the convent was raised. Here lie Francis's remains, shielded by a shrine of alabaster and gold; lamps burn before the altar continually. Of the esteem in which his memory is held the following may give an idea. I observed two arms crossed, worked in gold, on the folding-doors of the shrine; I asked for whose they were meant, and was told by the frate that one was an arm of St. Francis, the other an arm of Christ. "Do you then put them as equals thus on the door?" He replied, "*E come Cristo, ma non uguale*;" and then added, "*Il servo fedele e il suo Signore*," pointing I think to a scripture where it is said, "Where I am there shall also my servant be."

Assisi was Francis's birthplace; his family thought

him mad because he stripped himself of every thing, giving away even the garment off his back to the poor; his father made strenuous efforts to have him locked up. All his followers take the vows of poverty, obedience, and chastity, but they do not always keep the first-mentioned. This "Sacro Convento" is enormously wealthy.

After Assisi the country grew softer and richly wooded. From Foligno to Spoleto is an undulating forest of oak trees; we saw it in all the golden and purple glory of a prolonged autumn. Clitumnus, limpid as May dew, reminded me of the Bran some miles above Dunkeld. The black marble temple is exquisite, but, the learned say, not of high antiquity.

At *Terni* we halted five hours, and drove through scenery almost Swiss in character, to see the *Falls of the Velino*. At the upper fall, we were astonished, delighted, and plentifully besprinkled. Words cannot describe the grandeur of this scene: the river throws itself three hundred feet at a leap! We have sundry fine waterfalls in Britain,—*Corra Linn* is perhaps the finest;—but they are babies compared to this. The lower fall is more beautiful, pictorially: none of the sketches much resemble either.

After Terni, the road to Rome becomes flatter, and we were soon wholly surrounded by a desolate campagna. One object broke the monotony of the last day's drive : this was *Soracte*, a jagged pyramid, darting upward from the undulating plain into a soft grey sky. As we drew near the city of the Cæsars, I felt glad that the cockney accompaniments of farms and casinos were wanting. We turned a sandstone hillock, and suddenly *Rome* was before us ! Under a horizontal bar of azure cloud, stretching along the western sky, lay Michael Angelo's dome, and the formal lines of the Vatican. Then came the *Tiber*, and "Pons Milvius," and then we entered the city by the Flaminian gate.

Rome, 21st December.

After all, the finest thing here is the old Forum. There is a pleasure in stepping the ground and pondering the associations which it recalls, greater, I confess, to me than in visiting the walls of any one particular ruin. A compass of a few acres here between Titus's arch and the capitol, comprises the most beautiful objects left from the ravage of Imperial Rome : the grandest mass lies a little farther eastward ; but viewing the entire

plot, from the Coliseum's ring to the Tower of the Senator, the mind conceives the idea of one vast amphitheatre, bounded by gigantic landmarks, and exhibiting noble forms arranged for scenic effect. Here, the Dacian captives look sadly down from the attic of Constantine's arch: here that of Septimius spans the ancient footway below, while above a street of modern Rome runs nearly on a level with the frieze. Exquisite marble columns, here a single shaft, there a group, shoot up from amidst fallen chapiters and grass-grown blocks: and the Basilica of Constantine, once lined with Parian stone, and panelled with cedar and ivory, has thrown open its bosom to the winds, and gathers in the deep coffers of its chambers the driving dust and chaff, while the sparrow and the linnet nestle in the spring of the arches.

None of these mouldering masses is older than the Emperors: not a block was laid by Etruscan Kings; not an arch or pillar tells of the stout Republic: but when you turn again by the Appian way and pace the Forum, old Rome's genius is present: it is no longer a bare plot of ground with a hollow ruin on one side, and a priest-ridden city on the other. *It is* once more the heart of majestic

Rome, orators are in the rostra, bribeless tribunes are pleading for the people,—surely it was but yesterday that Brutus showed a bloody dagger wrenched from the dead body of Lucretia, and devoted the house of Tarquin to destruction.

Strange to say, its modern appellation is the same which Virgil assigns it in Evander's day, (*Æneid*, viii. 360.) when the Trojan leader passed up the Tiber—"Campo Vaccino" marking the precise spot: so that the orators have been both preceded and followed by the lowing kine. Was Livy playing the wag with natural history when he recorded so sententiously his "*Bos locutus?*"

Quit the Forum, and old Rome is gone: a modern thing has succeeded; a park of churches, a metropolis of mosque-like domes and belfries. Where are the *Seven Hills*, once clustering with the palaces and gardens, the streets and towers of Rome? Many are stripped and bare, save for shapeless brick and crumbling *tufa*; others are travestied. Pass to the *Tarpeian* and you may note their outline—the ground plan of the city whose arms encircled and smote the world. Planting your foot on the edge of a quiet garden, meet scene for musing, the Traitor's Leap is

on your left, and the seat of the earliest settlement faces you. Aye, yon is the *Palatine*, now cumbered with the bones of the Cæsars' palaces: the *Aventine* a little to the right, crowned by convents: away on the left is the *Cælian*; and wheeling round, the *Esquiline* and *Quirinal*, with the *Viminal* crouching between them. The turf which your foot presses is part of the *Capitoline*. Modern Rome has covered the *Vatican*, and the fortress of *Janiculum* has given place to a palace and gardens. The *Pincian* is still, as of old, "*collis hortulorum*."

Yon shadowy line, dotted here and there with a buttress, is the *Sacred Wall*: its massive proportions have fought well with time. Not so Rome's *Bridges*; Pons *Milvius* has softened down into "*Ponte Molle*," a new structure on the old foundations on the *Flaminian* way. For Pons *Ælius* you have "*Ponte Saint Angelo*," this stands almost as Hadrian left it, and leads to his enormous *Mausoleum*. Pons *Vaticanus* is gone. Pons *Palatinus* is in the case of the famous pocket-knife,—an heirloom for countless generations, but whose blade and handle had both of them been many times renewed; it has been so often "*restored*" that one may fairly doubt whether it retains a single origi-

nal block. From the site of Pons Janiculensis, now "Ponte Sisto," there is a very pretty view at sunrise of an interesting part of the river including Pons Fabricius lower down. The most famous of all historically, "Pons Sublicius," now lies as low as it did on the day when Cocles swam the river. A bit of the old pile is visible at low tides, but soon hides itself again as if ashamed of the present generation.

Tiber himself is as yellow as a loamy clay can make him, and still keeps up his reputation for flooding the anti-Etruscan shore.

The *Coliseum*, viewed as an abstract mass, tells of the masters of the world and lowers the present generation to the grade of pigmies. The stupendous outline of its perpendicular, the vast sweep of its horizontal curves, tier above tier a hundred and fifty feet overhead, the bold ring-lines of the ellipse which clip the area within, are majestic and beautiful. Sunlight and moonlight alike suit this extraordinary pile: by day its colours are richer but the general effect is grander towards midnight. The moon's ray has a harmonising power. Edges of masonry soften, harsh tints are mellowed down, arches transmit a silvery light, buttresses throw a

deeper shadow — the thing which at noon had a matter of fact appearance puts on the guise of romance, and becomes at once dream-like and real, a dumb ruin and a speaking portent. What a tale it would tell could the stone now cry out of the wall! The desperate struggles of the broken-hearted Gaulish captive; the teeth and talons of the starved lion fleshed in Christian gore; Trajan smiling while Ignatius is rent limb from limb; a complacent senate, Roman ladies applauding, even vestal virgins looking on unruffled, the while a mad populace bellows forth its joy and demands fresh hecatombs to immolate to Moloch! Had it been an hospital, an academy, a gymnasium, it were a duty and privilege to cherish it and rear its *attic* again. But, an amphitheatre, — the bloodiest shambles in the known world, a homage from imperial pride to popular fury and licence! — God's curse has been on it from the first. Penitence may avail, if ought on earth can, towards cancelling past offences: the ground is consecrated now, chapels are ordered, and a preaching-cross reared in the midst. May the penitence be genuine!

Titus's Arch has the advantage of delicate dimensions, as nearly allied to beauty as the colossal

mould of its neighbour is to the sublime. Its choice treasure is the "relievo" on a wainseot within, representing the procession which bears the spoils of the Temple of Jerusalem, and meant to complete the subject of Titus's Triumph on the opposite panel. This bas-relief is the only authority extant, besides the description given in Exodus, for the forms of the sacred vessels. The most distinct now are the two silver trumpets and the seven-branched candlestick. Under this arch no Jew will pass. They will not face a record, by the hand of the spoiler, of God's accomplished wrath against the people of his covenant, and the city and temple where he had set his name!

The *Arch of Drusus* in another style pleases me very much. It is more ancient than the others, and has a triangular pediment, which is always graceful.

Cecilia Metella's Tomb must be allowed to be intrinsically ugly; what connection is there between a huge cylinder enclosing a brick cone, and the rites or memory of the dead? Sepulchral monuments should surely wear the prestige of hope and reverence, as in the "starry pointing" pyramids of Egypt; but with the exception of that

of Caius Cestius, there is not a single pyramid in Rome. Even in the modern Christian churches the total absence of the spire is painfully evident here: clusters of domes there are, and forests of little belfries, but not the soaring spire, type of a blessed resurrection.

The outer wall of Metella's Tower presents curved blocks and lozenges of travertine, of Cyclopean dimensions, dovetailed in with the art of the cabinet-maker. Yet there is a breach in the solid crust, as if ordnance had been battering.

The remains of *Trajan's Forum* are a heavy, sunken parallelogram; admire it who will. The pillar indeed is gorgeous; but the Romans have hoisted St. Peter's statue to the perilous elevation of its capital. Trajan certainly has not benefited much; he never saw this column reared to him by the S. P. Q. R.; and now his effigy is displaced from its summit, while the fisherman is promoted over all his sculptured triumphs. The relievos, encrusting the entire shaft in an endless spiral, must have cost a world of patience to make them out: I tried for ten minutes, and was rewarded with a murderous pain in the back of my neck.

Egeria's Fountain, if hers it be, still flows pure

and sparkling, within a dilapidated grotto, scooped out amid the greenest solitude of the Campagna. I am sorry to say those useful creatures the cows will make the place in a sad mess when they come trooping to drink of the spring. I tried a draught however, and found it delicious. Over the jet reclines a mutilated figure which puzzles the antiquaries. All around, the scenery is wild and fair. Monte Cavi and the Albano hills rise behind; in the foreground stands a grove with "shadows brown" that would have suited Numa, and the vast expanse of the Campagna midway is varied by broken piers of the *Claudian Emissary* striding at intervals like a disabled giant. Six miles of this aqueduct now remain in possession of a brown desert: what must the scene have been when its innumerable arches were perfect, and the water was distributed over five hundred square miles of a richly cultivated plain!

Who has not perused descriptions and engravings of *Agrippa's Pantheon*? yet who ever looked for the first time on the original but was astonished at the meanness of their previous conceptions! Cinderella, returning to dust and rags after her fairy equipments at the court ball, was not more oddly

situated than is this matchless building. The dirtiest market of Rome surrounds with vegetable filth the greater part of its exterior basement: here on the steps "maccheroni" squabble, and mule-drivers play at "mora," while the old women wash their lettuces, and the young ones "make eyes" at the passers by. The dome is buried amid a chaos of jostling roofs and gables; you must go at least as far as the Pincian to get a fair peep at it. But the façade, though black and grimed, looks boldly forth, like an honest man through the clouds of adversity. Agrippa's inscription, legible on the frieze, has not operated to warn off marauders: popes have been as mischievously busy as school-boys who find themselves in an orchard. The bronze plates from the interior vault are gone, to make the "Baldauchino" in St. Peter's, and I don't know how much beside. The eastmakers are not less active in their way: the bases and capitals of these columns are of marble, while their shafts of elephantine strength are granite; the former are marked with the adhesive plaster used by the copyist. Well that those elephant legs stand firm, and can neither be moved nor melted! I thought the impression of *space* conveyed as you

stand within more striking even than in St. Peter's. The rotunda's form is that of a truncated spheroid, the slice taken off above leaving by its section the aperture through which the silent heavens look down on the pavement below. In a little chapel on the left as you enter sleeps "Raffaello Sanzio d' Urbino." Those who love a contrast may pass from the Pantheon to *Vesta's Temple*, close on the Tiber; a pretty toy, which has no fault but its modern conical lid, resembling the cap of a chimney, the cover of a sugar basin, or the hat of a Chinese mandarin,—whichever you prefer.

We have seen one Etruscan labour here—the *Mamertine Prisons*. In his "Catiline," Sallust describes the subterranean "locus in carcere." He says of the dungeon, "Incultu, tenebris, odore fœda atque terribilis ejus facies est." The "camera insuper" was no doubt the roof. Part of this is really as old as the Tarquins. Church tradition says the apostles Peter and Paul were held in durance here, and our guide pointed to where the water rose miraculously that baptism might be administered to a convert gained by preaching in bonds. I thought how surprised the good man would have looked had I told him, on the authority

of the "Friends," that there was no such need, "water baptism" being a carnal error. The hole in the dungeon's roof, through which prisoners were formerly let down is now filled up, and you descend in a less ominous fashion by a side-door from the chapel which is built overhead.

The *Fountains* are Rome's guardian angels: they burst out in every piazza, and well-nigh at every street head, amid sculptured figures and emblems, and the delicious water falls into capacious basins of granite. The "rinfrescante" agitation of the air produced by these jets, probably saves the city from the encroachment of malaria.

I think that of *Trevi*, despite all criticisms, incomparably the noblest. The two in the Piazza of St. Peter's are, however, very beautiful and simple.

The palaces of English noblemen, in our metropolis, are mostly ordinary looking buildings as to fashion and dimensions externally, but splendidly furnished on a gigantic scale of comfort within. A Roman "palazzo" is the opposite of all this. Architecturally grand in its exterior, but having no comfort, and little of real splendour, save in one "sala" within. The staircase is wide, but un-

adorned: the Hall of Canopy, with probably a fine fresco overhead, is empty, unwashed, and ill-cared for. It is true, a better economy prevails in the mansions tenanted by some of the cardinals, whose admirable management of a very moderate income deserves high praise. Walk down the Corso or across certain piazzas, and you will say, "these are indeed stately residences:" enter the arched gateway, ascend the stone flight, and follow the domestic who acts as guide through the long suite of apartments, grand but comfortless, and you will wonder whether the family ever live here at all. All seems sacrificed to display, and little or nothing reserved for personal enjoyment. In England we have perhaps gone into the other extreme: our noble mansions can few of them be said to adorn the metropolis: architectural beauty they have none; the grandeur of massive proportions they rarely exhibit. Devonshire House, or Norfolk House, neither of them counts above a dozen windows in the front: in Italy you may reckon twenty, even thirty. The *Barberini* is an enormous pile: the *Doria* appears immeasurable: the only structure I can remember in London worth naming for external effect is Northumberland House. Observe

the palaces of the Colonna, Corsini, Borghese, and others here, and you are fain to confess that the nation of "haughty shopkeepers" have not hitherto ventured far in the way of embellishing for the public. I have only spoken here of those of Rome, but the *Strozzi* and *Pitti* in Florence are even more majestic: the latter is now the sovereign's residence, but was built by Lucas Pitti for himself in the middle ages. It is true, however, that this pile ruined him.

The display of pictures in the private galleries here is prodigious, but quantity has mostly been preferred to quality: every wainscot is crowded, sometimes a door is covered.

The *Sciarra* has perhaps the choicest collection: here is *Claude's* glorious sunset; *Leonardo da Vinci's* "Vanity and Modesty;" a "Holy Family" by *Fra Bartolomeo*; and one of *N. Poussin's* best landscapes.

In the Casino of the *Rospighosi* is *Guido's* beautiful fresco of "Aurora and Sol's Chariot." Looking at this recalls the imagery of Ovid or Virgil: the Hours are charmingly depicted. Below, Earth appears, in a lovely sea-piece, the

deep purple tint of Italy lying on the mountains and the ocean.

The *Doria* has *Salvator Rosa's* "Belisario" landscape, and two stupendous *Claudes*; one of them is the well-known scene with figures dancing in the foreground. If this really represents "a mill near Athens," Greece must be a marvellously fine country.

The *Colonna* has a hall paved, pillared and wainscotted with rich marbles: this is hardly fair by the paintings, some of which are ornament sufficient for any room. Here is *Guercino's* "Martyrdom of St. Catherine."

In a dusty room of the *Barberini* hangs *Beatrice Cenci's* portrait. No artist is allowed to sit before it, even with a pencil and board, and all the hideous daubs which sell as "copies" throughout England are drawn and coloured after the impressions of memory. Now it is true the picture does leave a very strong impression on the mind, but still these "copies" bear no resemblance to the original. Even the tint of her dishevelled hair is never well hit off: but the tremulous anguish of the mouth, the eyelids swollen with weeping, the look she casts back as led to her execution — who

will ever render these again as Guido has portrayed them? No written poetry, not even Shelley's, comes up to the spell of this speaking face, where the blight of early and remediless sorrow has dimmed a countenance whose natural cast was happy and cheerful. If it be true that *Guido* painted this, why has he left nothing else equal to it? His Cleopatras, Helens, &c., are poor creatures; all are clad in blue, all cast up their eyes and expose their bosoms; but this thing in its modest hood and sombre tints, was a study from the house of woe.

In the *Spada* Palace stands "Pompey's statua;" colossal, stern, one arm extended, one hand grasping a globe. It noways resembles in its features the well-known busts of Augustus, nor any other bust I ever saw.

Here is Dido stretched on the funeral pyre: a sword transfixes the unhappy lady, like a skewer through a pigeon. Any one who is curious about Guercino and his better half may find their portraits in the crowd round poor Dido. How little Guido meditated some of his productions! This thing has no soul in it, though well drawn and gorgeously coloured.

In the *Farnesina* are *Sodoma's* frescoes: one is of exceeding beauty, "Alexander's nuptials." *Roxana* is the beau ideal of a "blooming Eastern bride." One of the little cupids is pulling off her slipper. *Sodoma* was the Goldsmith of painters; he did every thing happily.

The *Vatican* possesses a world of treasures in its museums and halls. It is another Rome in itself.

In the *Sistine Chapel* you may see the pope: this "primus inter pares" of Christian bishops is an old man, with silvery hair, and of a stout habit. The Swiss guards in waiting, remind you that he is a temporal sovereign, as well as a mitred priest. But I thought his vest and snow-white cap less glaring than the silk apparel, laced cope, and red hat of the cardinals on either side. A morning here recalls a stately page in English history; Wolsey and his retinue, and the beautiful chapel of Hampton Court.

The *Sistine Chapel* appears small, amidst the vast halls and corridors which surround it. It is, indeed, barely large enough to accommodate at one end Michael Angelo's fresco of "the Last Judgment;" the dimensions of this awful picture being some sixty feet by thirty. The work is a very

mingled performance. Some of the figures exhibit a daring originality, others are directly copied from the wall of the "Campo Santo" in Pisa. The attitude of the Christ is precisely the same as in that by Orgagna. The middle of the picture is the best part; here the artist was not cramped, and the effect of his "foreshortenings" is admirable. The representation of the martyrs rising before the bar of Christ with the instruments of their suffering, is solemnly conceived. S. Bartholomew carries in one hand the scalping-knife, with which they flayed him alive, and in the other his skin; another, the gridiron on which he was broiled:—they appeal against the wicked. The upper part is crowded, and you can hardly distinguish the design. The lower compartment is disgusting, and utterly unworthy of a Christian artist. Among other incongruous levities, here is Charon, I suppose out of compliment to Dante. But, were the entire composition one worthy of M. Angelo's talents, which it is not, still the question would remain, "Are these subjects defensible in painting?" I think not; and the pope who wished to erase it all has my hearty approbation so far.

The plafond and arched panels of the roof are

frescoed in a very different style by the same hand. To my mind these are some of the noblest designs ever executed by him or by any man. The imparting of life to Adam, and the coming forth of Eve into being at the bidding of the Almighty, are inexpressibly majestic and touching. All around, above the cornice and running the entire length of the chapel, prophets and sibyls sit in solemn conclave.

Here Raffaele studied, and to some purpose: but why did he seek to conceal it?

The *Stanze* and *Loggie* give a better idea than anything else in Rome of the varied stores of this man's mind; the "Disputa" in the Camera della Segnatura is a chef-d'œuvre. Yet I think it a pity that, in order to give so young a painter as Raffaele "carte blanche," the works of such a master as *Luca Signorelli* should have been displaced. A few compartments done by another hand would have imparted both pleasure and instruction; at present you can only compare Raffaele with Raffaele. The arabesqued borders and cornices in the "Loggie" are a wonderful "jeu d'esprit." The "Transfiguration" is more attractive than any of his other paintings. It was his last effort, and he has

here attempted a higher flight than elsewhere. It is a sublime escape from failure, for who could anticipate aught but failure in depicting such a scene? The attitudes of the figures floating in the air are a vast conception, and here he could hardly have a model to guide him: I doubt if Michael Angelo could have produced these. The lower part of the picture has perhaps been spoiled by Giulio Romano. Raffaele's other works here can hardly be commended, seeing in what company they are placed; some people are in ecstasies with the "Foligno" Madonna, but surely this is anything but what one ought to conceive of the Virgin.

The *Domenichino*, "Communion of St. Jerome," hangs opposite to the "Transfiguration." This is perhaps a more powerful painting: the drawing is more true, and the "composition" better managed. But he had not such a difficulty to contend with in the nature of his subject. I heard a striking critique on their comparative effect from a German, who, with his companion, had been admiring the Transfiguration, and then crossing the hall, stood rooted for some seconds before the St. Jerome: "Povero Raffaele!"

A painting may be a more attractive thing than a statue, having the beauties of colour, whereas the marble embodies abstract form; but the statue is more purely ideal — and hence the first look at a chef-d'œuvre in marble is more impressive.

The most beautifully finished of all here is the *Antinous*, but the *Belvidere Apollo* is incomparably more grand. Majesty is the predominating expression. The position of the head, the outstretched arm, the stride just taken forward, are all subservient to this character. The mould of the features though faultless, has nothing in it soft or winning. It is not until you leave the "punto" and walk round the pedestal, that you are aware how artificially the effect has been produced. All is exaggerated in the work. The just laws of anatomy are disregarded, the sculptor's measures falsified, to heighten the impression conveyed to one who enters the portal facing it. The head, after every allowance made for posture, is too much on the right shoulder; one leg is a finger's length more than the other — if the marble could start to life in emulation of Pygmalion's bride, the archer would be troubled at finding that his spine was awry and that his left leg had outgrown his right.

It is true the Greeks took a similar liberty with the projections of lips and eyebrows in their busts; but here the effect of muscular development might be pleaded. I was disappointed when I found that the perfection of sculpture is rather to produce a sensation, than to give a faithful model of nature. After all, the secret of *balance* has hitherto eluded artistical search: it would seem to be locked up in that of life. No statue has ever yet been cut or cast, which in fair proportion of parts and unaided by supports would stand upon its feet.

The group of the *Laocoon*, with less of power shown in individualising, is far more touching. It seems all but alive in the anguish of the man and the pressure of the heavy serpent. The children struggle, but more feebly, and look up to their unhappy parent to help them. If you gaze long on this scene, you forget it is a mimic thing, the mind becomes oppressed, and your philosophy almost fails you.

Here is *Canova's* baby-faced "Persens," with a form worthy of the antique; and his two "boxers," which are perhaps his finest productions. All around lie sarcophagi and slabs with Greek reliefs. The Achilles and Penthesilea in the "Battle of the

Amazons," are specimens of the "heroic," if there be such a style recognised in sculpture.

Some of the statues in the *Chiaramonte* appeared to me every whit as good as these picked beauties in "Apollo's court." The "Minerva Medica," for instance, which is a draped figure, and "a wounded Amazon;" it is true they are not of so polished a material.

Here are prodigiously fine things scattered about in halls and museums. "Titus's bath" is a porphyry basin big enough for the elephant at the "Zoological" to give himself a souse. The mosaic floors from Tivoli, &c. are rude, bold things, and remind one of the famous pictures in children's spelling-books. Then there are papyri, Etruscan "tazze," and paintings which were ancient before Cimabue was born. They say the pope is vainer of his Etruscan museum than of everything else in the Vatican.

The "Gallery of Inscriptions" deserves a morning's perusal. The Christian slabs on one side of the hall face the heathen on the other. In the former are preserved abundance of the old symbols: the fish, the dove, the lamb, the olive-leaf, the monogram of Christ, &c.—but you require time to

decypher them. Once up and down this gallery makes half-a-mile ; and the wainscot is mainly covered from floor to ceiling.

Every one visits the *Library*, though no longer what it once was. Napoleon relieved the "Camera Apostolica" of some 500 of their choicest manuscripts, and I doubt they never recovered a tithe. I was most struck with the oddities here ; as "Joshua's History" in Greek, on a parchment thirty-two feet long ; in the plates, Roman soldiers are executing Roman manœuvres for early Jewish events ; "Henry VIII.'s letters to Anna Bolena ;" those in French are full of false conceords, the English not much better ;—"Cardinal Mai's Palimpsest : " here a "Cicero de Republicâ" lies snugly concealed under a version of St. Augustine's Commentary on the Psalms.

They say the Vatican comprises eight royal staircases and above 4000 apartments ; courts and bystairs by dozens ! Why should not the whole College of Cardinals live here, in brotherly amity, along with his holiness ?

On Monte Cavallo the successor of the fisherman of Galilee has another gorgeous palace for summer residence. After this, to open an old treatise called

Πράξις τῶν Ἀποστόλων, and read "Silver and gold have I none!"

Castor and Pollux, whom somebody saw riding into Rome after the battle of Lake Regillus, are now become fixtures, and may be found at the head of the Campidoglio stairs "sub dio." The senator's lordly tower rises behind them: we toiled up this latter to get the view, which is an instructive one. All the seven hills can be well made out, and modern Rome is laid down as in a chart. What a fine street that "Corso" is!

The museum here is delightful, and not such an overgrown monster as the Vatican system. Climbing the stair, you may ponder "the ground-plan of old Rome," fished out of Remus's Temple, and of signal service to the antiquaries, by utterly confounding some of their darling theories; and make up your mind, if you can, whether a certain marble warrior be meant for Mars or Pyrrhus. I don't think it can be Pyrrhus; it's too stout for one so restless: Mars is more likely; a very hog in armour. Some old sarcophagi, presenting Theseus fighting the Amazons, and scenes from the history of Achilles, are more noble than any thing Roman here.

Run and see the "Dying Gladiator," and don't look at any thing else that day in shape of sculpture, for you wouldn't enjoy it. I prefer this to all the marbles in Rome. Michael Angelo has "restored" the right arm and hand on which he is leaning: a prodigious performance, but far inferior to the other parts of the figure: the vehement Italian has failed to give the expression of "fainting at the approach of death" which characterises the Greek original.

The "Protomoteca" series of busts are well worth looking at, as illustrations of phrenology. *Masaccio's* bespeaks exquisite taste: *Domenichino's* enterprise and judgment, rarely combined. *Petrarch* seems formed, like Crichton, to excel in every thing. *Vittoria Colonna* brought to my mind the

"Alma real dignissima d' impero," &c.

Elsewhere, Cavalier d' Arpino and Laureti have repeated Livy in fresco. Here you have the death-struggle between Rome and stately Veii: there Coeles mans the bridge and stops the only passage for Porsena to Rome. A little farther on you forget all you have seen before, in peering over, handling, and patting the king of all bronzes,

the Etruscan group of the she-wolf and cub-like twins.

The *Villa Borghese* is the Hyde Park of Rome. Here are undulating slopes, shaded walks, fountains, columns, arches, and a princely museum. In the latter "*Edipus' Vase*" would alone claim a visit; but over the entrance of the great hall is *Curtius*, man and horse, taking the god-like plunge to save his country! To look at this makes one's heart leap.

The *Pamfilii Doria* has yet grander scenes of natural beauty. You may wander here on a bright afternoon through time-honoured groves and alleys of ilex, or amid vast clumps of the stone-pine, and forget the crowd and glare of the city. We have no tree in Britain like these pines. When a plantation of them comes to maturity, their curling foliage interlacing on the "vive travi" forms another emerald meadow sloping overhead. Some of them reach to eighty and ninety feet.

The Italians say "*Roma per Santità!*" and, as far as number of consecrated buildings goes, they have something to show for it; Rome contains above three hundred. In a city where the "church"

is also the "state," all offices in the latter being filled by cardinals and monsignori, and where the claim has for centuries been advanced and maintained of an apostle's seat and authority devolving on a bishop, one would not expect the churches to fail in anything which man can supply. They do, however, fail grievously in the very particulars in which they boast of excellence. Take, for instance, architecture. Let any one consider such piles as Westminster Abbey, Freiburg Minster, or even the Italo-Gothic churches of Tuscany, and compare with these almost any church or basilica of modern Rome. St. Peter's must be excepted, being a structure altogether "sui generis," unparalleled in the world. But take others. The "*Lateran*" is a prodigious mass, indeed, loaded with balconies, crested with statues, and visible from the *campagna* at twenty miles distance; the pillared porch is fine, and a vault within has some rare old mosaics: but how much ponderous confusion numbers these beauties!

Sta. Maria Maggiore possesses two domes, and has a row of pure Ionic columns in white marble, types of the "*Flos Virginum*," down either side of the nave; but what a medley of heavy pomp and

glittering extravagance counterbalances this ! An enormous flat roof within, better suiting a country ball-room than a solemn "basilica." An urn of porphyry, with porphyry columns as supporters, for the high altar; gorgeous, but out of all keeping. The piazza, it is true, displays the most beautiful pillar in Rome, but its proportions are marred by a thing like a gigantic tea-tray on the top, adopted to sustain the weighty bronze Madonna. Constantine stole this from some Greek chef-d'œuvre for his palace : he little thought that in the sixteenth century a pope would carry it off and plant it on the summit of the Esquiline.

The most satisfactory structures are *S. Paolo*, now rebuilding, and the little church of *San Clemente*.

This last has a marble presbytery at least one thousand years old. The two stone pulpits, from which the Epistle and Gospel were read, stand on either side. Behind rise the tribune and altar, and a step higher at the back of all is the bishop's seat.

Most of the churches adhere to no one order of architecture ; some which are in a better style are sacrificed to a bad situation, and so produce no

adequate effect in return for the enormous outlay and the ground which they take up.

In plain truth, modern Rome possesses more temples made with hands than she can make use of; and it is to be feared that greediness has been the predominating motive in consecrating a greater number than her entire population could fill.(c) The result is any thing but edifying; some are virtually closed, service being lacking for them in a ritual whose parts are so numerous and complex; others, being vaster than was needed and teeming with bedizened chapels, have come to present the appearance of a picture-gallery or museum. Italy is the land of music, and Pergolesi composed the almost unequalled "Stabat Mater," but you will look in vain for church-anthems here like those which you meet with in England or Germany. Either the Romans lack in this respect a true, worshipful taste and feeling, or the whole affair is jobbed. The best we have heard was in the "Cappella del Coro," at St. Peter's. In the Sistine, strange to say, it is not first-rate, though the pope and cardinal-bishops are generally present. Statuary and painting have flooded the churches of Rome, and for the most part with very indifferent

specimens in either art. Here and there you find a gem, such as *Daniel da Volterra's* fresco of the "Deposition," on a wall of the "Trinità dei Monti;" and the "Nativity," by *Pinturicchio*, in "S. Maria del Popolo;" but the *οἱ πολλοί* are a desperate collection, such as might have been gleaned from the studios of bad artists or the lumber-room of good ones.

There is one exquisite marble in the *Trastevere*. To see this you have only to drive to the little church of *Santa Cecilia* and walk up the nave. On a white slab over the tomb and beneath the altar's shade reclines a figure which startles the sceptical, and arrests the attention of the most indifferent. It presents the body of the saint wrapped in grave clothes, as it was found on opening her sepulchre. The attitude is touching in the extreme: you see the head, which had been severed by the executioner, turned halfway back over the shoulder: the hands, which are small and delicate, are clasped. This statue was the work of *Maderno* (17th century). Saint Cecilia was a daughter of a noble house, and great efforts were made to rescue her from suffering, but in vain.

Previous to being beheaded she was put to the

torture, but they could not shake her constancy. Below in the dungeon is shown an iron grating, and a bath where she was plunged in boiling waters. Her story and traditional musical talents have prompted some noble efforts on the canvass. But was she really an accomplished musician, so young? or are these chef-d'œuvres to be regarded as a tribute of Christian sympathy, emblematical of the spiritual harmony to which her soul was attuned?

The convent of *Santa Agnese* is little inferior in interest: in the grotto beneath is Algardi's famous relieve, intended to perpetuate the miracle vouchsafed in aid of poor Agnes. Those who feel inclined at once to reject all such stories as fabulous, should consult some notes in Mr. Borthwick's edition of "Newton on Daniel." There is no lack of precedent, in early Christian records, for such things. In many of these churches are deeply interesting relics, which suggest a world of meditation. I love to enter *San Gregorio*, and view the identical marble chair, from which the good Bishop read and exhorted. Here too is his long table, with an inscription recording in words what a fresco portrays on the opposite wall. This is

Gregory, feeding, as he did daily, twelve poor men at his board. The eye counts thirteen guests present; the thirteenth is the angel who always attended: the long slab of marble, now shielded by a wooden frame to preserve it, is the identical table of Christian hospitality.

The "*Basilicas*" are always interesting, from the well-ascertained fact of their occupying the original site. The first thing, it seems, was the heathen court of justice — a "royal" court, hence the name: this was adopted, for a while, as a place of assembly and worship: next followed the quaint but reverend building, which the early Christians reared: last came the cathedral-church as now existing. Beneath their pavements lie the bodies of saints and martyrs, in spots which have never been lifted by the mattock.

San Paolo is the most "church-like" of them all in its plan, as now resumed. No expence is spared; and though the costly glories which perished in the fire cannot be replaced, the cathedral promises to be wellnigh faultless in its majesty and simplicity when finished. The altar's canopy is in the beautiful pointed-gothic style. The entire chancel and transepts are being coated above, below, and

around, with pure grey marble, which bears a polish like glass. How unfortunate that this site verges on the deadly "malaria" region! Already they question whether in summer the canons may venture to perform complin and vespers in so perilous a spot.

The aspect of Rome, political and national, is fraught with signs and tokens, some of which bear shrewdly on the other states of Christendom. Among these, the history of Concordats and Protectorships is remarkable. This basilica of *San Paolo* had the sovereign of England for its Protector, previous to the Reformation, just as the Kings of France stood for the Lateran, and the Spanish and Austrian rulers for Santa Maria Maggiore and St. Peter's respectively: of these four Austria alone is valid at this day; but every staunch Roman Catholic frets at her emperor's interpositions, and the "Veto" which he exercises on the election of a new pope is regarded as a sinful blot on the church's banner. As to the others, Spain cannot hold her own, much less trouble or aid the Consistory here. France has an unanointed head, whose very title is altered, for he is not, like his predecessors, "King of France,"

but "King of the French;" and all the marked favour shown in his repeated, almost miraculous preservations do not sanctify him as a sovereign in the eyes of Roman Catholics. The "Eldest Son of the Church," the "Most Christian King," the successor of Pepin, and Charlemagne, and St. Louis, lacks the "anointing" to his office.

Then England, dearest and most cherished of all, has parted company. The people to whom Augustine went, and whom he half designated "angels;" the nation whose pilgrims have left the old prophecy on the destinies of Rome and her Coliseum; the subjects of the "Defender of the Faith" . . . have sundered, haply for ever!—Despairing of purifying a corrupt system, they have taken the irremediable step of separation; and the whole "orbis terrarum," must suffer loss in consequence. In England we have the sign, thought by some a triumphant one, of *St. Paul's Cathedral*, constructed under Elizabeth: in Rome, *San Paolo* has also given the sign — smoking ruins, calcined columns, and a pillared marble nave, once without a rival in the world, reduced to ashes! Nothing save the western façade remains of the structure which Constantine founded and

Theodosius reared, and where Alfred "paced the studious cloister's pale."

San Sebastian has catacombs extending twenty miles to Ostia. These have been pierced from time to time, and many of the inscriptions now in the Vatican were thus obtained. The pope, they say, is averse to the further prosecution of these researches; whether from a conscientious feeling of reverence, or from fear of malaria breaking out, I do not know. We descended from the nave into the dark winding passages below; and with the aid of our torches followed for some hundred of yards a main branch. Here and there a small area relieved the stifling sensation caused by the damp red tufo. All around, under low-arched vaults, and in long narrow niches, the bodies of the early Christians were laid by their surviving brethren. Traces of 170,000 tombs were found. The quarries were originally Etruscan, worked afterwards by the Romans, for the sake of the "pozzolana" with which they stuffed their heavy arches. How free and bold is man where he has a revelation to guide him, and how timid and over-cautious must he ever be in its absence!

The nations who "sat in darkness," when they

lost their kindred, burned the body, gathered up the bones for preservation in an urn, and after depositing this in a sarcophagus of marble or alabaster, enshrined the whole in a costly mausoleum; while the Christians to whom the assured faith of a resurrection made their very bodies a mystery and precious, were content to lie, side by side, thousands upon thousands, in the dark cells of a pozzolana quarry. The *Patriarchs* in like manner would purchase "a cave in a field:" and still the sweetest burial is to sleep beneath the rugged elms, and in the yew tree's shade, and await the latter day.

Brunelleschi achieved the double dome in Florence: as this was the first instance, the highest praise is due to him. Michael Angelo took a two-fold model: he knew that the cupola of *San Giovanni* could not be surpassed in elegance; but he knew also that the old rotunda of the *Pantheon* was a vaster thing, and, if it could be lifted high enough, would ensure an effect of sublimity not reached by any architect in the world as yet. He said he would raise the *Pantheon's* dome aloft in air, and he has done it! From his 72nd to his

89th year, when most men yield to the "labour and sorrow" of age, he toiled on amid partisan envy and hindrance, and before he died, saw the double dome, the largest in the world, resting on its piers in the city where the foremost Apostles founded the Church of Christ.

"*Palmam qui meruit ferat.*"

The Florence cupola is actually a few feet taller, but its supports are a hundred feet lower than those of St. Peter's: and this prodigious elevation, joined to the bulging, cup-like swell of its meridians, renders the latter incomparably grander.

Had the energetic Florentine lived ten years longer, he would have carried out his entire plan; a Greek cross, Corinthian façade, and the "punto" for the coup d'œil to be the centre of the piazza. The thing would then have been faultless. But modern Rome was not worthy of such majestic beauty: Maderno and others were allowed to change the glorious design; a line of heavy balconies almost biseects the dome horizontally, and you must stand far off to have an idea of the entire structure. At the same time, it will probably be conceded by those who have travelled over the

world that they have never seen in any clime an edifice so stupendously grand.

The sweeping colonnades of Bernini, the obelisk in the centre with the two delicious fountains on either side, the immeasurable flight of steps, a vestibule near five hundred feet in length crossing their summit behind those enormous pillars,—lastly, the matchless dome with its belfry and “candle-sticks,” its ball and cross, clearing a hundred and fifty yards above the flagstones of the nave, and carrying the eye with it over the earthly pomp of travertine and marble, metal and glass, into the depths of the blue sky of Italy! When has earth yielded so noble a pile, or the all-visiting heaven unfolded an outline so glorious?

I honour *Wren* exceedingly, and look forward to the day when I may again stand with my back to Mr. Dollond's shop, and gaze upward at our own metropolitan Ball and Cross, nearer the heavens, and more worthy of them than any other pile in London, — but comparison between the two churches there can be none. Situation, stature, material, are all so different! I have often admired the effect of the travertine in large masses; a marble structure would have looked pale and sickly; but the

rich ochre flush accords well, and is in due keeping with such vast proportions as these. Perhaps the best view of the cathedral is from the Pincian towards sunset, when the dome stands out in relief against a bright sky behind it.

The tomb of St. Peter and the remains of early Christian martyrs, immediately under the Baldacchino, may be regarded as the corner-stone of the foundation. Its progress as a building from this simple and awful commencement has been strangely at variance with church notions. Some forty popes have devoted their own energies and the money of their neighbours to urge the work forward from generation to generation, during more than three centuries, during which interval the entire plan was changed several times from a Greek cross to a Latin, and vice versa. Leo's sale of "indulgences" without measure or modesty, to meet the expences, which latterly rose mountain-high, were a main incidental cause of the Protestant secession: on which occasion our Eighth Henry, hailed as "Defender of the Faith," earned from the Roman Catholics the less gracious appellation of "Postilion of the Reformation." The entire cost of the structure has been estimated at six millions of our

money, but I do not see how this can be accurately known, for many sumptuous offerings and gratuitous labours of artists were not taken into account. One source of enormous outlay latterly has been the copies in mosaic from the old masters. To execute a picture of ten feet by six, if a Raffaele or Guido, requires from three to five years, and costs ten thousand "scudi." The material is not now marble, as of old, but a hard porcelain.

The morning we visited the Fabbrica, our guide pointed to shelves containing sixteen thousand different shades in the usual colours.

The front gates of the "subterranean grotto" are not opened; but a side-door admits you into the circular passage beneath, on which abut the shrines and chapels. St. Peter's remains and a part of St. Paul's are collected, as Roman Catholics aver, in an inner cassa, shielded by a tabernacle with folding-doors; the two leaves bearing their effigies in equal honour. The wainscots around bear paintings in rude fresco and various mosaics, the work of the primitive Christians. Elsewhere lie huge mausoleums in rough granite: one of these holds the body of *Adrian IV.* (Nicolas Breakspear), the only English pope.



The most solemn sight revealed by the torches is some uneven, mixed pavement, in a plot of otherwise bare ground, under which sleep the martyrs! This has never been disturbed. An oratory, a basilica, and the present cathedral have successively risen over it. The church monuments, with the exception of M. Angelo's "Pietà" and Canova's Lions and "Genius of Death" at Rezzonico's tomb, I believe disappoint everybody: gigantic groups, colossal figures, vehement action — but nothing worthy of the place or the architecture.

A government order having been obtained, we started, a few mornings since, to ascend to the *ball*. This document is from the state office, signed by the minister of the interior, who in the formula washes his hands of all blood-guiltiness if you should fall from any of the altitudes and dash out your brains, a comfortable prestige for those who are given to be nervous. The first stair, which mounts some 200 feet perpendicular to the attic, is a spiral slope which laden mules can traverse. All here is clean and white as dinnity. Arrived on the roof of the attic, you find a colony of workmen and their houses, the statues of the Saviour and Twelve Apostles, and around you a superb prospect.

These colossal figures viewed close are rude enough: St. Matthew's thumb is an awkward bit of stone, a foot long; this gives the just effect from below: the second stair, somewhat narrower, lands you above the capitals of the pillars from which the dome springs. Here we walked round the circular, balustraded gallery, and again corrected the impressions of distance. Cherubs' dove-like eyes were found to be rough uneven bricks; and mosaics, which seem exquisite from the pavement, were like a road commencing macadamization. The pavement of the church itself had dwindled to the resemblance of a chess-board, and the Baldacchino (90 feet high) seemed a child's cradle. Yet another stair, and a long one, winding between the two shells of the cupola: it is narrow of course, but as wide as some garret-stairs. When we emerged from this, we were 400 feet above the pavement, and the great fresco at the crown of the vault lay a little under our feet. From one of the "candlestick" portals we gazed on a scene difficult to describe. Rome was reduced to compressed domes, and jagged lines formed by the palace-roofs: here and there an overgrown gable or crested ruin towered above the horizontal masses, like the

hull of the Dreadnought among our Thames lighters. Some of the shadows projected were very fine. The Tiber apparently motionless lay curled on the umber-tinted Campagna, the Latian and Sabine hills swept the sky in undulating lines of blue, Soraete heaved a dark serrated ridge, and, seaward, *Ostia* might be discerned crouching on the water's edge. Some fifty steps lead from hence to the metal ladder which admits you at a round orifice into the ball. Within this singular retreat you may amuse yourself with tapping the hollow shell, and listening to the music of the spheres. The diameter is some 8 or 9 feet, and you can perch very comfortably on the cross bars. People may think the above dimensions scanty for a drawing-room; I can only say the ball is as roomy as some of the cabins in our "magnificent accommodation" steamers. After this we descended from our altitudes as safely as the benevolent minister of the Holy See could wish.

NAPLES.

January 7, 1845.

YESTERDAY we turned our backs on dirty *Capua*, and got the first sniff of the sea-breeze, and the first hearty stare at Vesuvius, from this beautiful city. On our road nothing struck me more than the *Pontine Marshes* at sunset, all glowing with umber and orange tints. We halted for an hour at *Cicero's Formian Villa* to see the "lions," which are very poor. The marble which once lined these tufo galleries is gone, and in trying to make out the plan of the "atria" you get your feet wet with the oozy spring, and your coat sanded by the wall. But the sapphire heaven is bright as ever, and in an orchard which skirts the bay we ate some blood-red oranges off the tree ripe and delicious. This, in January!

The first news here is, that we've got a Scotch landlady, a good old soul who rents a "palazzo" in the Chiaja, but talks about "the bush aboon Traquair."

"Napoli per bellezza!" says the country proverb, and stupendously beautiful it is. A city

bright as a pearly shell just thrown up by the wave; cliffs and terraces hung with gardens and belvideres, and pierced by a gigantic grotto; while directly in front *Capri's* dark mass is moored upon the water-line, and landward across the curve of the bay, *Vesuvius*, like a brown sentinel, overlooks a busy metropolis, a dimpling sea, and a landscape sprinkled with a hundred villages. Before the greater eruption which blew off the top of the cone, this mountain must have been a glorious object: still the present broken form is more picturesque, and that vast, black orifice is a safety-valve for Naples. I know nothing finer than the long sloping outline which descends between *Portici* and *Sorrento* meeting the coast at an evanescent angle; its delicacy contrasts well with the bold jagged summit.

January 13.

A few hours since we returned from the ascent of *Vesuvius*. The difficulty, strictly speaking, is next to nothing; and though the fatigue is monstrous one forgets it from the moment of reaching the crater's edge. Our way was this: a drive from *Naples* to *Resina*; thence some five miles in the saddle over abominable roads, to the foot of the

main ascent. Here we halted twenty minutes at Friar Tuck's hermitage (*d*), and obtained some good macaroni and bad wine to supply the sinews of war for struggling over the lava-rocks. From this point the distance to the summit may be a couple of miles, but an hour and a half is needed to reach it if you would avoid vertigo and a stitch in the side. We had average weather and the occasional retrospective glimpses were magnificent. Our path lay through indurated fields of lava, the results of divers eruptions, piled one over another. There is a part of the mountain, about midway from its base, where on a mixture of friable ashes and vegetable mould, they grow the vines of the "Lacryma Christi." Here green slopes and terraces touch on the edge of the lava. From this line for a mile upwards, the scene is wild and haggard, huge masses forming themselves into picturesque barriers or curved and jutting edges. I felt all the time very much as if I was walking in the moon. It was certainly unlike anything we had seen before, save that I recognized in the dark strata under our feet the material which cut into cubical blocks *paves* Naples. What is this material? Is it melted granite cooled down again? Whatever it be,

it is an enemy to shoelather and shin-bones. Advancing, we found the sides of the cone very steep, but the difficulty which presented itself some years since, when all was loose cinder, no longer exists here, and your footing is firm. Ladies however do not walk up, if they are wise ; a "portantina," borne by a squadron of men and boys on long poles, carries the gentler sex, while we lords of the creation stride over the chaotic waste and burn the soles of our boots. The cone surmounted, we stood on the edge of a dark crater some two miles in circuit and of no great depth. We experienced new sensations in traversing the fissured crust which covers it. Half-cold cinders were crackling around us ; at every other step we saw through partial rents the red-hot lava flowing in the direction of the sea, and momentary explosions broke on our ears as the subterranean gas escaped. The general aspect was that of the bed of some vast furnace, where sulphur has streaked the cooling masses with orange and verditer, and impregnated the jets of smoke which burst through apertures in its sides and bottom. I climbed the chimney, a black hillock heaped with ashes about forty feet in height, and walking round its edge

looked into the mouth of the funnel. It was a lake of fire: volleys of smoke whirled up from it; occasionally came a gush of flame with fumes of brimstone, and every now and then a shower of something like lighted rags, only heavier. At ten feet distance the heat, even to windward, was suffocating, and my feet were half grilled. The flame which is intermittent probably resembles that which plays on the surface of ignited alcohol. I thrust a stout stick into a crevice in the chimney's side: it took fire instantly; this argues a great degree of heat.

No written description conveys an adequate idea of such a scene. I think, however, that a glacier is a more supernatural kind of thing: the sensations produced by fire and smoke are familiar to those who have witnessed a conflagration, or visited a coal and iron district: but the death-like stillness, the benumbing chill which possess you on a glacier are something unwonted and mysterious. The streaked veins too in the ice and the deep precipitous clefts are perhaps as horribly beautiful as the sulphureous lavas.

Returning, we descended by a rapid slope, all strewn with powdered ashes: you may get down

in eight minutes. When we reached the foot of the green ascent, I found our precious guides, who on various pretences had excused themselves, one with tears in his eyes, from accompanying us on the "salita," eating, drinking, smoking, and singing "canzonetti." Had we been murdered or carried off by the banditti who still infest the hill these two youths and the valiant soldier with his musket would have coined a legend on the spot, including a desperate combat waged by themselves with brigands "in Kendal green."

A pretty sight awaited us coming home: night had fallen, and the whole bay was lit up, producing the effect of a necklace of diamonds on dark blue ground.

The expedition occupied about nine hours.

Naples, Month of May.

It is better to see the *Royal Museum* here before visiting Pompeii, as in that way you get some idea of what the contents and furnishing of that city were, when first discovered beneath its sepulchral mound of ashes. Everything that was not too hot or too heavy has been transferred hither from the above site and from Herculaneum; and royal halls

are fitted up like the arcades in a bazaar, but with wares 2000 years old. You turn from noble specimens of the antique in "fine arts" to the simple objects of domestic householdry and portraitures of domestic life. No galleries can equal these in interest. I shall say little of the marbles, though the "Farnese Hercules," in every sense a prodigious performance, is here. The animals and busts in bronze mock the pulses of life: "Plato's head" and "a group of horses" would have thrown Benvenuto Cellini into raptures. Then the bronzes—what a show! In lamps, bells, tables, ovens—they beat us of the nineteenth century hollow: our portable kitchens and coffee-biggins, "Etnas" and egg-boilers are not so original as we fancy: many of our new patents were, it seems, taken out by the Pompeians long ago. But the kitchen department, bake-house, larder, and confectionary, surviving on the frescoed panels, will serve you for a dinner if you have any soul at all. Under that glass case is a collection of the veritable articles taken from board and shelf in the excavated houses—eggs calcined by the heat, oil in an enamelled bottle, spice,

conserves, and a loaf of bread, black but unbroken, stamped with the baker's name in one corner.

Around are wainscots from the halls and bedrooms of Pompeii, the frescoes having been carefully lifted and transported hither. You may learn the arrangements of a buttery or larder in the "old style," or, if satirically given, may see what "Cari-eatures" were like some 2000 years since. The "heroic" is not lacking either. Here is Achilles educated by Chiron, and appearing at Admetus's court. The Trojan shepherd too, on Mount Ida, is here with the three rival claimants, awarding the coveted apple, and receiving in guerdon the ruin of his country. All these figures wear the "pallium," attesting the Greek origin of Pompeii. I did not see the "toga" once. Of the Etruscan vases I am ashamed to speak: nothing less than a volume could do them justice. In the frescoes, the human form is nobly depicted; but the landscapes are confused and faulty in perspective.

Our visit to *Pompeii* was made on a festa-day, when free admission is granted to the lower classes: there was no lack of humble pic-nics on the broken banks, and gay holiday dresses enlivened the streets of the overwhelmed city. I thought the *Forum*

the most interesting spot in the kingdom of Naples. So many classical objects grouped on a commanding platform would always be admirable; but here are features of sterner interest, reminding one of some forest-glade where they have been busy with the axe. Many columns are fallen, many stand: dismantled temples and voiceless theatres are gathered round, their forms antique, but much of their colouring and cornice fresh as if of yesterday.

After pondering the ravage awhile, you lift up your eyes and *Vesuvius* confronts you, looking down on the scene of his havoc like a silent battery over a battlefield. He appears harmless now; brilliant colours are on his vast flanks, and the light fleecy clouds are coquetting with his broken summit, but yet he cannot be trusted; that thin blue film which floats away from his crater tells of a loaded magazine within, and none can say when it may explode.

Pompeii is, perhaps, a mile and a half long: the amphitheatre, an enormous excavation, lies away from the rest of the town: Murat cleared all this part.

In the streets the very stones are a speaking record; you tread the identical pavement whose

surface is unchanged in 1700 years; the carriage-wheel ruts are in the granite, and the mark made by the iron tire is visible within the rut. Shop-fronts are open, but the inmates apparently not yet stirring. Here you enter a palace and admire the frescoes and arabesques on its walls, its courts, fountain, and baths; but where is the host? This next is evidently a hospitable mansion, and your Saxon sympathies are enlisted by the old spelling of the auspicious word "Have," mosaicked on its threshold; but pass the portal and you will inherit no vocal welcome: all is real, but all is dumb, and your own footstep, echoed back from the angle of the wall, reminds you that you are a stranger and a "barbarian," pacing the hearth-stone of a departed lord.

In the house of Diomedes most is shown; a rich cit, who could afford to give his daughter a handsome suite of apartments. We went into the cellarage; a long passage at the bottom of a stair, where some old discoloured "amphoræ" still remain, like ghostly sentinels of buried mirth. Here was probably made the last rush by the unhappy inmates to escape from the devouring element. On a wall near its extremity the outlines of human figures

are visible, an indelible stain made by fire and blood !

We were three hours and a half in Pompeii ; it was like a waking dream. The fees are not heavy, but are always levied on strangers.

I do not know a more striking contrast than to pass from this still beautiful city to the buried *Herculaneum* ; while the former suns its relics on a raised mound amid the scenery of meadows and corn-fields, the latter lies deep, deep under the cheerful surface, clasped and knotted by Vesuvius in embraces of stone—for here poured the lava-flood, but Pompeii was smothered under a shower of hot ashes. We plunged by torchlight into the excavated theatre whose dimensions exceeded those of San Carlo—I forget by how many feet, but we stepped the line of the orchestra.

Here are places where the tools of the excavators have cut sheer through sixty feet perpendicular of a rock now solid and motionless, but which then came rolling in with fiery billows of asphalte from the jaws of the burning mountain ! In the long, dark corridor you stumble upon costly labours of sculptors and house-decorators, some of them perhaps still in progress when the dreadful lava burst

in and stopped it all. A carved cornice, a bit of a marble capital, a patch of brilliant red peep out where the wall has been reached ; and if you put your finger into that auger-hole you may draw out pieces of the cedar-beam burnt to a fine charcoal. Little more can now be done in the way of excavating, for overhead is the town of *Portici* with some thousands of souls, as you may know by the rumbling of the carriage-wheels.

Naples is a difficult city to describe. The Italians call it "bella." A sunset view of the Bay, with those pearly hills beyond, yields a coup d'œil perhaps without a parallel in Europe.

Within the gates of this "bella Napoli," nearly half a million of people eat their macaroni ; yet scarce one of these can be persuaded by law or gospel to do anything for the benefit of the city which he loves to distraction. The tradesmen are greedy jobbers, the artisans are snails : the nobles, such as have not yet taken to street-begging, care for little under the sun save curricles, ices and San Carlo. All classes and both sexes live and breathe for the lotteries.

Yonder is one of the frankest members of society, a native specimen. His jacket unbuttoned,

his shirt open, his feet bare, his brow and temples exposed without flinching to the sun's ray, he is toasting himself on the lava pavement. He is a lazzarone. Without a care for to-day, a thought for to-morrow, or a recollection of the forty years of life called "yesterday," his "abandon" is perfect: yet it is a fine animal; he has wit that is proverbial, a temper that never ruffles, the tact of a diplomatist, and the limbs of an Apollo. All this is indigenous with him: if he ever stoops to the servitude of what Mr. Coleridge called "originating an idea," it is in the way of pondering a lucky number for the lottery.

Without the regularity of what we call a market in London, certain districts here have a traffic peculiar to themselves. If you wish to see five millions of oranges, step on the quays of Santa Lucia when the boats from Sorrento are unloading. Silks and wines from Sicily come in by the port, where a stiff Dogana awaits them. Pass down the Toledo, the finest two-mile street on the Continent, and you will get an idea of the amount of mercantile business in sundry departments. Gloves are a prodigious staple: at every third or fourth door dangles a mimic hand, and there is no fit like that of the Naples kid at a shilling the pair: it is neces-

sary however to choose them. Next to these the "belle arti" shops astonish one by their multitude: who upon earth buys all these imitative wares, to say nothing of "antiques," real or supposed?—Casts and models from the Museum, lamps, tazze, patere, terra-cotta heads, lava and coral ornaments, with drawers of sparkling fossils from Vesuvius, perhaps the prettiest item of the lot. In this rainbow-tinted climate every one sketches and paints, but they don't all paint well. Besides the countless daubs in oils and splashes in water colours, mostly copied one from another, here is that monstrous invention the "Aguache" caricaturing the inimitable face of nature in a style only fit to paper a bedroom.

The *Chiaja* gardens are delightful: open walks and umbrageous alleys, and the fresh breeze from the wave which breaks scarce twenty yards from the terrace. Centering in the main promenade is the enormous granite bowl from Paestum, supported on modern lions: a very noble basin. Half a mile beyond this the tide of life ebbs away at the *Mergellina*, where, saving the gulls, there is little but fishermen's boats and the half-clad urchins groping among the rocks for "sea-horses." Some of these

youths are as diverting as seals or dolphins: they live in the buoyant element, and if you throw in a "carline" in deep waters will dive and bring it up before it has time to reach the bottom.

Now if any one wishes to know the leading characteristic of this beautiful "Parthenope," I can give it them on authority of four months' standing. All the way by shore or street, in market or piazza, balcony or belvidere, from the bare Mergellina to the utmost verge of the busy city towards Capodimonte and Resina, one thing never fails under any circumstances, and that is what the Italians call "Chiasso," best rendered by the French word "Charivari."

Santa Chiara is a pretty church; though most of the consecrated buildings here look tawdry after those of Florence and Rome. *San Gennaro* has a wearisome collection of busts in solid silver, some of them colossal, of bishops and martyrs; these are ordinarily locked up in the cupboards of the sacristy; could a more unedifying way be hit upon of sinking offerings? *San Gennaro's* image has a collar of jewels of inestimable value if real; but as the French were here long enough to look about them, the finer stones must ere this have

transmigrated into coloured glass. The relievo on the façade of the High Altar, representing the entry of the saint's relics into the city, and the discomfiting of Famine, War, Pestilence, and Heresy before them, is well done. In *San Severo* we saw some extraordinary pieces of sculpture. The figure of "Modesty" is the best done. This adhering of the veil to the face is arrived at by using a model enveloped in wet cambric; the effect is marvellous, but after all these very out-of-the-way things rather astonish than please; and a simple natural subject affords more scope to true genius.

The other day we were present in the Royal Chapel on the occasion of the annual "dead mass" for the late queen. She was greatly beloved by all classes, and to this day no Neapolitan speaks of her but with reverence and affection. To conquer so universal an homage, rare qualities met in her; piety and charity shone conspicuous, and when she died of a child-bed fever, this giddy city was stunned by the blow. Sovereigns usually marry again, and the King of Naples has now a second consort, a Bavarian princess; they have an increasing family, but the little boy whom his first

wife brought him is the heir-apparent. Before he is of age to mix in the gaities of a brilliant court, some one should read him a memoir of his mother's life.

"The Queen that bore thee
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet
Died every day she lived."

Her mausoleum occupies the centre of the little chapel. The king and the royal family were in a gallery above, and all the officers of his household filled another. The archbishop, with his clergy, conducted the service, and a noble orchestra was in attendance. I thought the ceremony solemn and beautiful; if for nothing else, at least as testifying to piety and affection in the living by recording departed worth. A tombstone legend does this, but not so heartily as a service in the church. At a certain part of the office the sentinels posted at the four corners of the mausoleum all turn to it, and shoulder and ground arms. This simple military movement, the only one permitted during the ceremony, had something in it reverend and touching. I thought of our own lamented Princess Charlotte.

The sovereign is a handsome man, in the prime

of life; he is said to care for nothing but soldiers, an expensive hobby. I believe he has some eight or nine cavalry regiments, and twice as many of infantry. He devotes to their maintenance the immense revenue which he draws from the lotteries, which here, as elsewhere in Italy, are in the hands of government. If one may judge by what one hears, or even by what one sees, the troops will never do their training much credit.

The new recruits are marched into the city, tied hand by hand, like a gang of thieves. I suppose the fear is that they may decamp: but what a commencement of education for men who are to serve their country in an honourable profession! There is certainly little chance of their "seeking the bubble reputation ev'n in the cannon's mouth." Of artillery "*Sua Maestà*" has no lack; and he has fortresses which assign him a place among earth's mighty ones, according to that distich

"Principini, palazzi e giardini;
Principoni, fortezze e cannone."

The *Ovo* commands the harbour, and can sweep the Bay. That of *Sant Elmo*, crowning the cliff, is the key of the city. An enemy in possession of

this could lay Naples in ashes in a few hours. 'This Sant' Elmo affords a noble panoramic view; and whoever wishes to get a true idea of Vesuvius' position relative to the mountain ranges of Puglia (Apulia) and the Abruzzi (Bruttii) should climb up to it.

Palaces, it must be allowed, are chiefly interesting to their possessors; but the royal residences here are worth visiting, even after *Windsor* and *St. Cloud*. The *Palazzo Reale*, in the city, is perhaps the best furnished in Europe; certainly in the best taste of those I have seen. Its ball-room is truly royal: here are a dozen of the largest mirrors in the world, simply inpanelled in a delicate border: a millionaire cit would have buried them in heavy gilt frames. On the groundfloor there is a suite wholly wainscoted with real frescoes and arabesques from Pompeii.

Capodimonte has the most beautiful site, though somewhat a singular one. It is reared on the undermined crust of a tufo-quarry, and yields first-rate views from its balconies of the city, the bay, and the Vesuvian country. Carlo built here, and also at Portici, for the sake of the quail-chase! which if any one think unlikely in a king, they

may read Colletta's account of a royal personage of the same house, whose most engrossing occupation, when victoriously established in Naples, was shooting pigeons from his palace windows; the said pigeons belonging, in all probability, to his subjects.

At *Portici* the royal demesne is a sweet villa, with gardens à la Zoological, where sundry kangaroos jump for your amusement, and a stately ostrich is ready to bolt and make off to *Pæstum* at twenty miles an hour, whenever they open the doors of his hut. I never saw so fine a creature as this bird: his eye, which could not rest a moment, was like a prodigious opal. By the bye *Capodimonte* has an avenue of ilexes, I believe a mile and a half in length, among other horticultural wonders. Its farm is excellent; and the produce, after supplying the royal table, goes to market. Pictures, in the sense of the fine old masters, are rare in Naples. The *Studj*, however, has Correggio's "Sposalizio," and one or two others. The artists here are inveterate copyists, worse even than in Rome. I opine that for one original sketch made in the landscape line, there are to be found a hundred copies, each worse than its predecessor. Hence, the merest daub, if original, will fetch a

guinea, which here is equal to three in England. They have, however, one excuse; whoever essays to colour a picture out of doors in this climate, between May and, perhaps, September, may count upon being himself done like a broiled kidney; unless he sit under an umbrella, in which case the gadflies will eat him up. The most amusing pictures at Capodimonte are those recording events and scenes in the national history: as, for instance, "the brave girl of Gaëta," who, after despatching a French sentry à la Jacq, spikes the guns of the battery with a store of ready nails from her apron, and then delivers over the fortress to her townsmen.

But of all palaces *Caserta* is the grandest—a stupendous pile uniting four cubes on a square base, any one of which might serve for a handsome royal dwelling. The grounds are stately, and include points of romantic beauty: one of these is the old town, "*Caserta*," a picturesque ruin on a green hill, whose isolated gables and gaunt arches admit the blue sky through the rents of ruin. Here is an artificial waterfall descending from a lofty ridge over accommodating rocks, and a pretty basin where huge centenarian carp rise to the surface to eat boiled peas. The queen is very partial

to Caserta, always retreating there when a certain interesting event is at hand. It is twenty miles off, but that is only forty minutes by railway reckoning.

Perhaps no city, save Rome, has environs so well worth exploring as those of Naples. Westward lie Posilipo, Pozzuoli, Baia, Cuina, and the volcanic lakes: eastward, beyond Pompeii, is the romantic village of La Cava, from whence you may visit Amalfi and Salerno, and farther south, Pæstum. Castellamare is now almost a suburb of the metropolis, and Sorrento is at the distance of a pretty drive from it.

Once through the grotto of Posilipo, the road to Pozzuoli is full of beauty for those who can enjoy a marine bay and curling breakers. Paul halted for a week in "Puteoli" on his way to Rome. I fear the folks here think but little of the faithful servant who "fought the good fight," in comparison with San Gennaro. The Italians are possessed with a notion that they are neglected by mankind; their leading idea of a saint is a local benefactor; and in every city their own particular patron is of paramount importance.

Puteoli is now a sunny sink of triumphant filth

and disease. Men, women, and children are searching each other's heads in the open street — I need not say for what; flea-bitten dogs, mangy and fretful, plunge and grovel in the dust; and the cab-horses, half eaten up alive, can barely muster strength to dislodge the flies with a shake of their rusty collar.

Beware of crossing a threshold; you would emerge a richer man than you entered by some thousands, I don't mean dollars. Art cannot make our populations happy, not even "antiques:" here are two marble statues in the street as old as the Cæsars; and within a stone's throw lie a noble amphitheatre, all but perfect, and the beautiful temple of Jupiter Serapis: the people who inherit it all look as if they were bought and sold.

The pleasantest sight here are the stacks of fresh lupinus kept for fodder. I drove in one morning from Naples, wishing to sketch "Venus's Temple" on the shore: looking about for what I could get the poor animal who brought me to eat, one of these bundles half as big as himself was pitched in for a "carline." In articles of vertu, roguery here has done with blushing: the boys offer as genuine "antico" lamps in bronze and terra cotta,

which even our unpraetised eyes detect at once as imitation-ware: when you rebuke them they mimic you and grin. The prices are still more edifying; say a dollar is first asked, from this they will descend to one-half, fourth, tenth of the sum.

The "Serapis" has broken columns of Egyptian granite and "cipollina" standing amidst the wreck of others: the base and pillar-sockets of the central altar are still visible. The whole thing now rises out of a store-pond for grey mullets, who are fattened by the mingling of salt water with the volcanic springs. Further along the shore, and approaching Baïæ, is the *Lucrine Lake*, a wild spot: the fishing here is superb, as of yore; its waters are crowded with a curled univalve shell, which I find stains every thing red. Is not this the "murex"?

Baïæ is full of the wonders of other days, where luckily the frivolous has perished, but the massive and instructive remain in great part uninjured. The palaces of Cæsar and Lentulus have crumbled with all their marbles into dust; but the "Piscina," which Lucullus built to water the Roman fleet as it lay at Misenum, remains: the "Stuf" cut by

Nero in the cliff remain; the Odeon remains; above all, the fine harbour and promontory of *Misenum* remain, nor is there much chance of their running away. Here Virgil drowns Æneas's trumpeter by the instrumentality of a Triton: I have heard of a German who said that if he ever took the suicidal plunge it should be in lovely Lake Leman: if beauty of scenery was his object, I could recommend this singular coast as having equal claims on his choice. Both have one advantage; the water is so translucent that the body might be fished up in time for a "Humane Society" operation.

The red hexagonal ruin on the shore is highly ornamental; perhaps was once useful, for who can show that such nonsense as a "Temple to Venus" was contemplated here?

The "*Piscina Mirabile*" is a gigantic artificial cistern covered by the superincumbent cliff, and supported within on some forty pilasters of travertine; paved, walled, and roofed with stone. Here fresh water was collected, allowed to settle, and then conveyed by an aqueduct to the fleet. The man who planned this knew what it was to be thirsty: I thought it admirable, and felt more

and more convinced that the intrinsic element in all beauty is the useful.

Behind Pozzuoli lies the region of the *Solfaterra*, a word which explains itself. The volcano is extinct as to any eruptions from its crater, but internal action develops itself throughout the entire district. If you break the earth, you see the colour of sulphur; you sniff sulphur in the air from a hundred gaseous jets, and the very soil of the glen, apparently an aluminous clay, owes its powdery whiteness to the presence of sulphur. No doubt it was all lava once, for here is the self-evident bed of the old crater—a level area now grown over with myrtles and arbutus, and the white-bellied heather. Altogether it is a pretty spot, and has a retort-house at one end where the finest crystals of the mineral are obtained for commerce. They showed us a vent on the hill which emits smoke whenever Vesuvius is clear, but when he puffs away is quiet: so there must be some communication, probably submarine. The intervening distance may be twenty miles. A little farther on is the *Lago d'Agnano*, a tidy piece of water, where wildfowl are preserved for the practice of the royal fowling-piece. I was desirous to embark on its surface,

and look for the vestiges of a Roman villa said to be still visible under the wave; but the game-keeper negatived this proposal, alleging that we should scare his feathered charge. On the banks of this little lake the Solfaterra plays some singular freaks. We went into the "Grotta del Cane" with the man who keeps these unfortunate animals for experiments; he had two with him, one a veteran who had seen five years of the service, the other a raw recruit; this latter he seized by the legs and laid on its back on the bare earth; after a few struggles the creature went into a dead swoon, but on being brought again into the outer air revived rapidly: he had had about a minute of it. A lighted torch carried in was instantly extinguished, and on the smoke precipitating, our eyes were made aware of the nature of the agent at work. The white vapour lay like a napkin extended in the air at about two feet from the ground, supported by a layer of carbonic acid gas underneath. This gas rises from the floor in small bubbles, which then burst: the layer is piled at the inner extremity of the little cavern, and slopes downward towards the door; when this is left open, the gas being heavy flows out like a

river, and may be traced by a chemical test for some distance. A human subject standing erect within the cave is safe from its noxious effects, as it does not rise above the knee; but poor doggie comes in for the full benefit. The creature who endures it longest is a snake, and after him a frog. A dog will not live over four minutes.

Nothing would induce my terrier "Fox" even to put his nose in at the threshold; the other two howled piteously. If you stoop and dash up a handful of the gas in your face, the sensation resembles that of brisk soda water; it causes sharp appetite, and the dogs need to be fed directly after recovering from their partial asphyxia. "*Fiat experimentum in corpore vili*" is the benevolent rule here. Another cavern is impregnated with ammonia, and animals immersed in this will not live so long. I carried in a locust, an insect which abounds in the grass and bushes hereabouts: he died to all appearance in a few seconds; but, on my bringing him into fresh air, thought better of it, and presently flew away.

The *Lago d'Averno* has the Sibyl's bath, and some remains of her palace in a deep woody recess. After passing the outer grotto, or "Nym-

phæum," you enter on a dark passage winding under low arches. Here the tourist mounts pick-a-back, and is carried in by a man stripped to the knee through water a foot and a half deep into Sibyl's chamber, where sure enough is an ancient bath hewn in the stone. The smoke of the torches, which are absolutely necessary to produce a glimmer in this pitchy grotto, made the trajet to and fro Sibylla's bathing-quarters anything but agreeable. It must not, however, be supposed that she dwelt in the darkness of "Stygian care forlorn:" a door now closed up by masonry no doubt once led to better apartments. Malaria, so destructive here in Virgil's day, is prodigiously active still. From hence we wandered on with donkeys as far as *Cuma*. Here was her "domus," and many of the "centum ostia" remain in the shape of apertures in the cliff terminating in a kind of gallery. I followed one of these for fifty yards till fallen blocks impeded farther ingress; but I saw traces of a communication with another similar grotto. No doubt the cunning prophetess had a complete labyrinth, of which none knew the secret but herself. Part of a flight of steps is visible, perhaps the grand staircase leading to the lady's first-floor.

The cliff outside bears a massive ruin, comprising a tower. Here amid violets and the bramble-rose, poppies and scabii, I found the bee-orchis in great beauty: I am sorry to say both the specimens I gathered here perished; I put them in an empty cigar-case, and afterwards inadvertently sat upon it. Before leaving, I bought of an excavator a pair of beautiful vases just out of the earth. From the cliff we had a view of the tomb of Scipio Africanus at *Liternum* along the shore. Here he lived and died an exile in his villa: a slate found with part of the well-known inscription, "Ingrata Patria, ne ossa quidem mea habebis," identified the locality.

The lake which Virgil chose for his *Acheron* modern Italians call *Fusaro*: it is a fine sheet of water.

Styx is a muddy ditch. All possibility of considering yourself similarly situated with the Trojan hero is cut off by the presence of a pretty Casino on the lake; to which you are ferried over indeed, but not by Charon: this "Vecchio bianco per antico pelo" is superseded by hungry Neapolitans, who give you a cast for two grani, and then, oh! horror of horrors! you actually fall to and devour

eels and oysters with glasses of real Falernian, a wine which, when genuine, is delicious. The fish are fattened in the lake, and you choose them while swimming about in their baskets.

Thus all tourists play the knave in matter of romance: after a couple of hours on donkey-back over Phlegrean fields poor humanity prevails, and you prefer a snack with your roguish guide and half-clad boatmen, to feasting on high remembrances of Cæsar and the Scipios, Æneas and the Sibyl.

The modern Italian is not, however, so determined an epicure as he of old Rome. A "festa" always implies society, among the lower classes generally a wedding. Lucullus no longer dines with Lucullus; and for ordinary days the population are abstemious. A single cup of "caffè nero" in the morning, a plain dinner, and light supper suffice the better sort: the poorer are content with macaroni, pomi d'oro, and cold water. The royal table, I am told, is one of the simplest in Naples.

A trip made to *Pæstum* a few weeks since repaid us with more interest than any three days' excursion I can remember since the Highlands of Inverary. Saving Pompeii there is perhaps

nothing in this country so well worth visiting. Putting up at *Salerno* as our head-quarters, we took the opportunity of seeing the Monastery of *La Cava*, as also the "grotto of the Capucines" at Amalfi. The former of these is very beautifully situated in Salvator Rosa's country, and possesses one of the finest organs in Italy, from which we were treated to an anthem: this instrument they say contains 6000 pipes, a number which sounds scarcely credible. The ascent to the church is by a winding path through some copsewood, and up a steep sandstone cliff. A stream brawls below, and the Frati have widened it into a small lake under the convent windows, which serves for a store-pond. A considerable mass of the tufo-rock projects into a chapel within the transept line; here in a deep recess lies the body of Alpherius their first Abbot, whom the inscription on his tomb declares to have reached the age of 120. They have a noble choir, as usual in black walnut. A storm of wind and rain set in while we were there, and on coming out of the church porch we had the satisfaction of witnessing an ample distribution to some fifty poor people. Two huge metal panniers were emptied among them, one yielding pea-soup, the other

hunches of bread. The establishment is one of Benedictines.

There is one feature in *Salerno* which must I think strike every one who passes a day there: I do not mean its glorious bay, but the suffering poor who throng its streets and churches. I never met anywhere so many and sad specimens of burdened, poverty-stricken, diseased humanity in a population of the same size. In the cathedral they filled the lower end of the nave, clustered in groups round the pillars, and with importunate cries and gestures indicating famine, almost threw themselves upon us when we gave them such carlines as we had. I never felt so forcibly the utter inadequacy of a passing aid: alas! the company we saw, to say nothing of scores in the town alleys, would need 100 dollars per month to give them bread. They do not, I fear, get as many carlines: what is everybody's business is nobody's business; and the very flagrant ease, the undisguised fact that one-third of the population are starving mendicants, renders habitual lookers-on indifferent. The Syndicate leave it to the Church; the Church casts the burden on the Public; the Public is an "abstraction" and does

not recognise the evil though it is gnawing at the roots of society. The mischief is aggravated and made hopeless by the natural turn which all Italians have for begging; a trade which they ply apart from any necessity and without compunction. In a certain sense all classes, save the affluent, beg; your servant receiving regular wages expects a "regalo" every now and then, and if you do not give it him will openly show his discontent; the shopboy who carries a light parcel a hundred yards will not leave your door without "una bottiglia," an absurd phrase as they are not given to drinking: women sitting spinning at their threshold beg abjectly as you pass; every child will try the effect of importunity with the everlasting demand for "qualche cosa:" what they get they run with to the lotteries, which are open in every street in the kingdom. What is wanted is a firm magistracy animated by church principles: but where can this be found?

In England we have it not, at least not practically developed. True, there is with us the vigorous tone of public feeling, and the pleadings of natural affection find utterance through an unshackled press: but still we lack the prompt

operation of a system of ordinances—a body of men, ministers of mercy, at once free and responsible: and of this no voluntary society, no band of Commissioners, can supply the place.

Moreover, such organised body will need to be permanent, for “the poor shall never depart out of thy land.” Voluntary societies, or charitable individuals, cannot be treated as *responsible*: commissioners appointed by the state are not *free*, for they are bounded by the letter of their instructions. The idea in my mind is a *ministry*; in one word, the Poor of Christ have a claim on us for a DEACONSHIP.

God grant we may set our shoulder in earnest to this!

In France the law and police are all-powerful, but cruel. I saw fewer beggars in Germany than anywhere.

As for Southern Italy, it would be matter for marvel if you were to stroll a hundred yards or meet a group of half a dozen persons without being reminded of your purse and teased to open it. The warm climate, the cheapness of food, perhaps more than all the influx of tourists, encourage this ruinous propensity, whose fruit is emaciated faces and

squalid rags. I grieve to say the King farms the lotteries: yet they say he has a kind heart and will hardly bring himself to sign a sentence of death. But the people are his property, *ergo* their money is his, and he drains it into his lotteries, and therewith pays troops to keep them in order; if order that can be called which is dishonest greediness in the trading middle classes, and careless, cureless, hopeless misery among the lower.

Pæstum is along forty miles distant from Salerno. We started at daybreak and found a tolerable road as far as the little river Sele, where there is a ferry to be crossed before doing the last four miles to *Pæstum*. Here a disagreeable scene occurred: a deep stream, burning sun, cold wind, rickety boat, jibbing horses, capricious driver, cheating boatmen, and a bank at once precipitous and muddy.

Two precious hours were lost before we got fairly, or foully, over with our vehicle and horses, there being none on the other side. I must not omit to mention one charm of the stream, a movable column of biting flies.

A suspension-bridge is in progress of erection, which may one day make the fortune of an adventurous innkeeper. The country after this is flat

marsh sprinkled with low bushes; on the right is the bay, on the left a line of forked hills. The "rosaria Pæsti" are gone, but the rushy swamp bore in place of them a profusion of jonquils. Here was also that pretty aquatic plant, the bog-bean.

Stopping our vehicle at the country inn, we took a "cicerone" with us half a mile farther to view the *Temples*. If I were asked to define first-rate and second-rate "lions," I should say the former always surpass your previous expectations while the latter fall far below them. Here is *Phistu*, *Poseidonia*, *Pæstum*—according as your thoughts run more on the Etruscan, Greek, or Roman era: and glorious must the city have been if it corresponded in its general aspect with the majestic features which are still extant and legible at fifty miles' distance.

Of the three structures so much admired by architects and connoisseurs, the one nearest to the Scle is called "Ceres' Temple," and that farthest off is supposed to have been a "Basilica;" but of all this nothing is known. The very name of the city, however, leaves no room to doubt that the middle Temple, by far the noblest of the three, was dedicated to Neptune. It was this which engrossed our attention, as I suppose it does that of every

one, almost exclusively. It is certainly the most beautiful building we have seen. The pediment is uninjured, and the outer columns are complete, with nearly the whole of the architrave and frieze. As far as I could tell by stepping the ground, the length of the temple is about 150 feet within, and its breadth sixty: height of the pediment perhaps five-and-forty. This for a Grecian temple, which did not intend an assembly of worshippers within its walls, was large. The order is Doric, the columns being short and thick-set, and consequently of immense strength. The frieze and architrave together are fully half the altitude of a column, which gives the temple rather a heavy look, specially when seen from above. It reminded me in its form of a vessel on the stocks. It is hardly fair to compare anything with the façade of the Pantheon; but the Pæstum structure, though certainly inferior in sublimity, is far beyond it in beauty. Neither is the sublime lacking in that long row of columns. Of beauty it has every attribute: exquisite proportions of outline, a variety of shifting tints, and a natural colour in the stone of a deep orange harmonising admirably with the purple and green meadows.

This stone is from the bed of Salzo or Selc, an origin demonstrable by the petrified vegetable substances with which it abounds: it is very hard in texture, the edges of the fluting in the columns being but little injured. Within the main circuit we found great part of a court on a raised terrace, and smaller columns and an architrave supporting a few of a second story. Part of the building was overgrown with bramble and wild olive, and around lie the marshy pools where the buffaloes repair to drink and wallow in the mud. Beyond the line of the fen the horizon is formed by the swelling Mediterranean. In certain lights the orange hue of the temple is melted down to lilac. We dared not stay till sunset, but took our leave at 4 P. M. In summer the "Malaria" from the marsh, which is of the most deadly description, drives nearly every soul away till October. They have not, however, far to go, retiring merely to the shelter of some cottages, which skirt the side of an adjacent mountain. An oak forest fringes the base of this line of hills, well-stocked with wild boars and forming a royal chase. The Frenchman employed on engineering at the suspension-bridge told me that all the smaller game is free,

and that he shoots as many snipe, woodcock, and quail as he can eat — which must be a good many, for Frenchmen have capacious stomachs for “volaille.”

This village has a mournful celebrity of its own in modern times. It was here that poor young Hunt and his wife were murdered by some brigands whom he was so unwise as to provoke.

You should never say “perchè?” to an armed Italian. It seems they struck his servant, and H. lost his temper, and forgot the vehemence of their national character. The popular version of their having meddled with jewels on his wife's person is incorrect. The event at the time filled Naples with consternation. At present you meet with no brigands, but you must equally make up your mind to empty your purse of its contents. Every man, woman, and child here is a practised and determined beggar. The very dogs will have food or a battle. Your guide, whose ignorance is translucent, is worst of all; and mine host of the inn makes double charges, and then, on your refusing to pay them, professes the innocence and inexperience of a babe.

On our return from Pæstum we visited

Amalfi; it was one of those delicious days when sky and water combine to produce an effect which can hardly be rendered in a painting. The transparency of the wave, the pearly radiance of the shore, the opal tints on the hills, with a heaven whose blue seemed melted down in a way unknown in our latitudes — it was Italy all over, glowing Italy! in her most attractive summer garb. We had a boat manned with six oars to row the fourteen miles which intervene. I found the charge for this to Amalfi and back was a guinea; but then we had seven men, counting the steersman, and a handsome awning, and they performed the distance either way in a couple of hours. The folk here row with the backwater stroke, standing up with their faces toward the prow; one foot is advanced and an impulse is given by rising on the instep; perfect time is kept by those who row, and when they slack their efforts the steersman animates them with the cry of "*maecheroni*," which they all take up. I envied them their light and picturesque dress; the white shirt and trousers form one piece fastened at the waist by a coloured sash. Shoes and stockings they don't trouble themselves about,

but all wear a pendent cap to protect their head from the vertical ray.

The rocks and caves of Amalfi are worthy of Switzerland; one of the latter, called the "*Capucines' Grotto*" because connected with their convent, is a stupendous vaulted chamber in the mountain's side: from its mouth you get one of the finest seaward prospects in the whole country.

In this town we went to see the Fabbrica of the best macaroni in Italy. The process is a simple one: an enormous pressure is employed to drive the paste through the ring whose centre is solid; about a hundred pipes are driven at once by using a form thick-set with such rings. There are many varieties, both as to calibre and quality. After this we ate of a new dressing of this national dish at the Hôtel de la Lune, (*mem.* a roguish inn, but comfortable,) to wit, tossed in a bowl with fresh butter and eggs. This is the third way we have tried it. The Neapolitans prefer it with "Sugo" and Poini d'oro. Perhaps the most delicate is the simple fashion of plain boiled, with fresh butter and pounded parmesan in separate dishes. The English method of a hot brown fry, redolent of strong cheese, is intoler-

able. I should add there is yet another, favoured by the common people. This is, almost raw, with a little oil, and large draughts of cold water. Amalfi itself is, I am sorry to say, dirty, very dirty, unconscionably dirty, in fact, an Augean stables. It reminded me of an unwashed hand bedizened with jewels; for all around is fresh, pure, and sparkling. The Italians one and all hate washing, until the time comes for government to bid the *Stuffi* and *Bagni* open, when I hear they are amphibious. We rowed into a sea-cave on our return: some hundred feet long, and I suppose 90 feet overhead. Here were dropping stalactites, green and azure water, vermillion fungus, coral, &c. Not far off is the "Buco," where the wave dashing in through an orifice in the rock gives a report as loud as a gun.

As we neared Salerno, we called on the boatmen for a song. They gave us two or three: "*Il campanello*," "*Ti voglio ben*," &c.; one voice, that of a youth, was clear and sweet, which the delighted father, who steered, never failed to point out by rapturous exclamations of "*Lo figlio! è lui stesso!*" The chorus was noisy, but fair enough in an open boat and after five-and-twenty miles' rowing.

Amidst this fairy-like scenery the compass was invented.

This reminds me we must leave Naples in a few days, as the lava-pavement in the Chiaja is of a white heat, and the sea is approaching that happy condition when it is said to take fire.

ISCHIA.

July.

HERE is a spot within a few miles of the mainland, but with a perfectly different style of features in its scenery. It is not Italian, it is not Swiss; I am told it resembles Greece, and the moonlight view of Casamicciola from a cliff above has sometimes reminded me of sketches which I have seen of that country.

The people of the island moreover are Greek by extraction, and though the original stock has since been grafted with so many strange slips, still the intervention of a considerable arm of the sea, and certain primitive habits surviving among the people, keep them a distinct race in many respects.

The Ischiote is less sophisticated than the Neapolitan: he is every inch as greedy and as much bent on roguish tricks, but he is not so "rusé;" his mind has not worked so hard in the winding ways of deccit.

Naples is now a furnace, and this island is at once cheap and interesting. The living is in some departments better than in the metropolis. If you want veal, fine butter, or good beer, you must order them from Naples; but if you are content with bread and eggs, poultry and small birds, abundance of fish, and a profusion of fruit and vegetables, you may get fat here, yet be as free of the big city as Robinson Crusoe on his lone island. Grocery, it is true, you must have; but the wiser plan is to bring a two months' stock with you when you first come; and then, if any is left, you can bless some simple household with it on departing. As for fish, Lucullus or Apicius should have passed a season here. We have whiting, mackerel, red mullet, sardines, anchovies, lampreys, Peter-fish, crabs, needle-nose, and perhaps half-a-dozen more sorts of which I do not even know the names. Then the tunny-nets are out all day, and yield the base of a delicious pickle. All these

might be had in Naples, if the fishermen had courage to venture out farther into the bay; but, though the best swimmers in the world, they fear the storms on the Mediterranean, and not without reason. For fruit we have cherries, strawberries, apricots, and plums, and figs better than I ever ate anywhere. Grapes to eat are not yet well in, but some capital wine is made here from the true Falernian, white and red. The way of life among the poorer classes, and they immensely outnumber the others, is simple and uniform.

After the brilliant bustle of Naples, it is pleasing to watch the homely labours of a population of not more than 8000 or 9000 adults; yielding, indeed, only a small item in the cargoes that throng the port of Naples, but sufficing to sustain the islanders, and presenting here and there the cheerful and healthy images of patriarchal life. During working hours almost every man in Casamicciola is driving an ass or making bricks: and every woman or child that you meet carries on their head the immemorial pitcher [note (e)], which obtained for this island the name of Pithecusa in days of old. Elsewhere, the husbandry of crops and vines is going on; and perhaps a tenth of the

entire male population are employed in fishing off the coast. The donkeys during the day are all on one errand; that of bringing up barrels of the mineral waters, hot and cold, to give you a bath "chez vous." But when pearly evening sets in, this drudgery ceases, and both "cucci" and "cucciaji" find another and a pleasanter occupation in conveying groups of tourists over the most picturesque spots of the isle. It nowhere looks like a solitude. Beside scores of scattered hamlets there are a few sizeable towns. *Ischia*, the capital, has a castellated fortress, rock-built amid the waves; *Foria* is cradled among fine bays; *Lacco* lies under the shelter of a promontory; *Casamiciola*, the main bathing-resort, covers some undulating ground, and partly fills a ravine. All parts are perforated with "stufi," and teem with mineral baths. Here are "fumaroles," "ventaroles," hot fountains, cold fountains, lava-rocks, clay-pits, and plenty of lodging-houses. Tradition avers that Ischia rose from the bottom of the sea, and the constant occurrence of marine shells in all the clay-pits favours the theory. I should refer their presence to volcanic action, which we know draws largely on the sea and its contents.

In fact the entire island, not much above five miles long, is an extinct volcanic pile, having the apex of the Epomeo, some 2500 feet high, in its centre, and its slopes diversified with mounds of lava and beds of scorix more or less ancient. Between these lie endless ridges and ravines, which, during a repose of more than two thousand years from eruptions, have grown bushy with the Spanish chestnut and myrtle, the aloe and the cactus. The higher moors are covered with arbutus and broom, and every nook and crevice of the rocks teem with a scented flora. The acanthus is now in bloom, and it is a gorgeous plant. Goats' milk here is abundant and delicious, owing to the profuse supply of mint, thyme, and other aromatic herbs. Perhaps the leading features of beauty in the scenery of Ischia are its jutting capes and little marine bays and inlets. The bay of *Santa Restituta* equals in wild loveliness any spot I know. The rocks which occur near *Foria*, as you descend from the Epomeo, are worthy of Savoy. *Lacco* has its singular stone in the sea, resembling the doddered trunk of some primeval tree; and you can scarce look aloft without encountering the soaring peaks of the Epomeo, white as Dover cliff.



ROCKY COAST

Perhaps, as every place has a drawback, it may be as well to mention that of Pithecusa, or it might be deemed the terrestrial paradise. Venomous insects and reptiles are as plenty as blackberries. Scorpions are a populous nation; hornets, a countless tribe; of vipers there is a decent sprinkling: mosquitoses, of course. Despite the heat of the weather I laughed the other day till I almost dropped off my chair at the nocturnal adventures of a gentleman and lady who passed a night on the island in lodgings, as they thought very nice ones. Scorpions love lamplight, or the smell of oil, I don't know which, perhaps both: on retiring to rest, the above-named couple became aware of sundry black things about an inch and a half long with pincers in front and a long tail behind skirmishing about the floor and walls of their dormitory. It was no use thinking to sleep amidst such visitors; and as to killing those that were visible and then putting out the light, that would little avail, for others might come when it was dark and bite them.

They wisely determined to pass the night like wakeful naturalists; so the lady made herself as comfortable as she could under the circumstances,

and the gentleman provided himself with a glass decanter from the toilet-table and commenced a Scorpion-chasse. He nabbed so many before-morning that when day broke the landlady, who had vowed her apartments to be a faultless paragon of comfort, was presented by her sleepless lodger with a pint-bottle nearly full of live Scorpions.

The only remedy for the sting of these creatures is ammonia applied externally on the instant. From all I can learn the poison of the old ones is very virulent : with a child it might probably be fatal by inducing fever.

The truth is, however, they rarely harm any one, owing to their not being molested. The people of the island will sometimes pronounce all the tribes harmless: but this is a specimen of "*favete linguis*" in the Irish style. I observe they take special care not to meddle with them, save as we say "with a pair of tongs." From a viper they will run away. Scorpions if found within doors die the death; hornets they hold it "unlucky" to touch. We have had one very large viper killed in the courtyard, and I have despatched half a dozen scorpions, one a Nestor, in our rooms. The hornets are enormous: I have counted on the vine in the balcony above a

score of these within a quarter of an hour, but they never come in at the windows, though always set open.

Your scorpion is an ugly beast: he has eight legs, showing his close affinity with the spider, and runs very fast, backwards and sideways as well as forwards. Their greatest pleasure is to get between your sheets, or lie curled on a pillow. The people of this house vow they have wings, but that is a mistake.

The sandfly by the bye is something worse than a mosquito, as he burrows under the skin.

The origin of the people in this isle is no doubt Greek: and modern travellers aver that the Greeks are rogues. It may be so, but I vow they do not stand first on the list. Clearly the Neapolitans lead, and nine-tenths of the roguery here is imported from Parthenope. The Ischiote, however, is a lover of fun, and delights to join in a practical joke at the expense of Neapolitan greediness and extortion. A friend has furnished me with the following anecdote for the truth of which he vouches. It may serve to help gentlemen who are embarrassed in a similar way; so I quote it out of pure benevolence. A visitor here from the mainland

put up at the house of a Neapolitan, who engaged to find him in board and lodging for a certain sum: he was so unguarded as to pledge himself to a stay of two months. No sooner was the agreement signed than he found he had fallen into bad hands. Without infringing the letter of their compact, his landlord managed to break it in spirit every day. The guest was an invalid, and wholesome diet was indispensable: but he could obtain no butter but what was rancid, no meat but what smelt above ground. Complaints were idle, for the only reply was, "If you object to your fare pay me my two months' rent and go."

In this dilemma between regard for his health and a due care for his purse, he applied to a friend for counsel; and returned to his "appartamento," resolved to all appearance to fight it out.

Next day, he had a large table laid out in the best room, and plentifully spread with "macaroni" and pitchers of wine. "I am of a hospitable turn," said he to the host; "a party of my friends will arrive to-day, and we shall commence a series of entertainments which I propose to prolong while under your roof." At the appointed hour came a troop of donkey-men and brick-makers, with a

pair of fiddlers: a tremendous onslaught on the viands was followed up with stoups of liquor; and then the music opened, and dancing commenced, the landlord looking on without a remedy.

After witnessing the overthrow of table and chairs amid a performance worthy of Comus's rabble rout, and remembering his tenant's parting speech in the morning, the Neapolitan gave in; and the invalid received "*carte blanche*" to cancel his agreement and retreat to other quarters.

Knowing of what the Ischiotes are capable, I would have given a good deal to see the party when the fun was at its height. I can just fancy the nods and becks which they would throw at the sulky Neapolitan.

Donkey-riding here is delightful. You start about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5 in the evening, and may be out till near 8, when the dew becomes heavy. The number of paths up the mountain is considerable, and some of these yield very pretty excursions. If you take the coast-road you get the sea-breeze and meet the people in groups, dressed in their bright costume whenever it is a festa.

The prospect is from many points magnificent: one of the sweetest views is from a knoll behind

the Lago d'Ischia; but from Vico, from Mount Tabor, from the Rotaro, above all from the Epomeo's summit, the tourist will be delighted and the artist astonished, whether he looks landward toward Vesuvius, or seaward beyond Ventotene. We had heard of sunsets in the sea, but I had no idea what they were like till we saw some here: a segment of 50 degrees over the horizon lit up with orange and gold, while the huge disk glowing like a carbuncle plunges into the wave!

CAPRI.

End of July.

WE shall leave this island to-day; after having fought three nights with the mosquitoes, who are many and determined, without the protection of a gauze-net, the people here not having one. These insects have a singular sort of discernment: they always attack a stranger or new-comer, while the Aborigines are rarely troubled by them.

We have seen no scenery equal to this in Italy,

or rather, nothing resembling it in character. It bears no geological affinity to that of Ischia: the rocks which form the island run in a continuous lofty ridge, from East to West, meeting the sea with precipices at either extremity. Southward, looking towards Sicily, the cliffs are still bold and precipitous. On the Naples side there is a break in the barrier, and the gigantic wall has given place to long lines of slope, interspersed with the most beautiful rockwork, and covered with brilliant verdure. The caves and grottoes have delighted every soul from Augustus to Shelley. Owing to the singular angles and curved recesses here formed by the rock, the colours on the water are marvellous; they are finest at mid-day, and have sometimes reminded me of what one has heard of a dying dolphin. Our first visit was to the "Grotta azzurra." Two little cobs, each carrying a boatman and a tourist, took us in under an archway of about 3 feet high by as many wide. This is the only entrance or exit, and with the least roughness of the sea you can neither go in nor, if in, come out. We glided in on a surface as smooth as glass, and then saw the singular effect which has given the cavern its name. Owing to the smallness of the

aperture, nearly all the light which enters is reflected from the bottom of the sea upwards, passing through 20 or 30 feet deep of pellucid water, and strikes on the vaulted roof of limestone, from which it is again reflected downwards. This results in the most vivid blue conceivable in the basin round you.

Probably the sky-tints in this latitude are partly referrible to the same cause, a great deal of light being transmitted from the bottom of the shores and bays round Naples: but no sky ever exhibited a blue of this peculiar character. I have seen an enamel something like it, and the scale of a fish when wet approaches it, but neither of these can impress you with the sense of being enveloped in a totally new atmosphere.

I think if a broad plate of mother-of-pearl were passed through the blue of the "spectrum" and waved up and down in it, it would be much like the water in the grotto. When stirred by an oar or other object, the flash and bubbles resembled the coruscations of the Bude light. Outside of this cavern the scene was scarce inferior in beauty: scarlet funguses were clinging on the water-line: diminutive flying-fish threw themselves by twos

and threes out of the sea, describing a small arc ere they fell, and as our boat drove a ripple into the bay or threw the wave like a living emerald on the rock, the whispering sound among pebbles and tiny shells was as music in some home of the fairies.

The spot called the "Arco Naturale," from a curious portal pierced in the limestone, was our next expedition. No one who does not visit it can conceive the beauty of this. With exemplary zeal I effected a water-colour sketch here under a vertical sun which very nearly changed me into an African.

Close by in the "Grotta del Matrimonio" is the mouth of a fosse where Tiberius consigned to a cruel death some scores of his temporary spouses. Bluebeard was nothing to this monster, and even to this day Capri is at a disadvantage from his prolonged sojourn in it, for many will not tread where such a wild beast has once set his foot: nor indeed would I, but that I hold the surface of the ground to be altered. One of his grandest palaces stood on the summit of the eastern rock, which looks forth like a watch-tower toward the rising of the sun. This spot now possesses a consecrated

building, and at 2 A. M. this morning we were off on donkey-back to clamber up to it and see the "Spuntar del Sole." After a ride of an hour and a half through the heavy dews, we reached the cliff-head one hour too soon. The hermit padre Paolo, who dwells here always, gave us a shelter in the Chapel, and entertained us kindly till the mighty luminary announced his approach by a bright suffusion of yellow over the eastern horizon. The tableau was glorious as he cleared the hills of Amalfi and Sorrento and spread, to our eyes, a mist over the low-lying valleys. Soon the sea flushed and warmed, the hills and shore caught form and colour, and the vast reach of the Mediterranean changed from a dull leaden surface to heaving azure billows.

Before descending we went over part of the ruined Palace. There are several courts on a large scale, and two wheel-ruts are visible on a mosaic road, which actually plunged from the edge of the cliff, and wound down to the shore a thousand feet below. On the floor of a court we saw four natives dance the "Tarantella." A woman beat the time to a rude measure on the tambourine; the steps are free and graceful; the shy looks of

the woman and the vehement attitudes of the man are intended to represent a courtship.

They dance it on the sea-shore at Ischia, but I think hardly so well as here.

ISCHIA.

October.

How hard it is to say farewell for ever to a dear friend! and such has this pretty island now become to us. A summer season has flown by since we first set foot on the *Epomeo*; the myrtles were then in bloom, and the *arbutus* was putting forth its tender shoots to solace the goats: now the purple berry hangs on the myrtle, and the *arbutus* bears clusters of ripe fruit like the largest coral bead. The *becafique* has given place to the quail, and the quail to the woodcock, and already the water-rail and speckled thrush, sure precursors of winter, are found in the neighbourhood. The glorious sunsets in the sea have been succeeded by the flushes and lurid gleams which attend a storm on the Mediterranean; and the chestnut

woods skirting the Epomeo are no longer dark green, but an umber red. The shifting of the season is visible in tokens yet more familiar; the pretty moth so abundant here, which the householders call "angiolo," and regard as a lucky fairy, is less lively; he no longer hums round our curtains, or creeps in and out of the key-hole, but has taken to dozing on the window-pane: the lizard from a restless flirt has become a shy, retiring scout, and my special pets, the two gigantic sphynxes, whom I have so often caught and released again, have paid their last visit to the bush of crimson marguerites in the garden.

We have seen nature come and go in some of her most winning aspects, and would not like to wait her utter decrepitude in the fall of the year. Winter here is a terrible time: we are assured that every road is broken up, and the mountain-paths become utterly impassable from the fury of the torrents which then pour down the sides of the Epomeo: we have indeed witnessed one specimen lately of what they call their "cattivo tempo:" the storm burst forth about 9 P. M. and lasted till 1 in the morning. The rain fell in absolute spouts of water, and the glare of the lightnings with the

prolonged bellowing of the thunder among the crags was awful. The Epomeo seemed like a tremendous battery on a battle day.

What is worse, however, than all this is the condition of the poor. We have a pretty large acquaintance among them, and many of the old and infirm speak of their probably dying from cold and starvation. Distress they could scarcely escape, but their improvident habits aggravate it a hundred-fold. Take a populous instance, the donkey-men: these will earn, one day with another, during four months, from June to September inclusive, a dollar a-day each of them: of this their donkey will require less than a tenth, and their family, with management, not quite half. They might therefore lay by in these four months sixty dollars—above ten guineas of our money, but which goes as far as five-and-twenty here. I am sorry to say they never lay by a farthing, serious as they know the “rainy day” will prove. Misery follows; of course they must live all the winter on tick, and the roguish tradesmen, who are generally Neapolitan speculators, take advantage to charge them interest, cheat them in the price, and put them off with a bad article into the

bargain. In an argument with a father of a family on this subject the other day, when I spoke of the coming distress, he said, "Dio me ne guardi!" when I asked him what he would do, it was "Iddio sa." But when I exhorted him to lay by out of his actual summer receipts, he replied, with a shrug of the shoulders, "Non si può." Next day was his "Giorno di nome" (day of the saint whose name he bears), and I saw him ludicrously tipsy, dressed like a merry Andrew, and singing aloud between the mouthfuls of macaroni which he kept swallowing. I doubt not he spent on that day all the ready cash he had, and perhaps borrowed more; for which latter he will have to pay interest.

One trait of the Ischiote women I must record, though I do not know that it bears on this matter of the islanders' improvident character, unless it be favourably. This is their passion for articles of jewellery; especially earrings of the largest size, wrought in solid gold and after fantastic patterns. Having been obliged to discharge the servant whom we brought with us from Naples, on account of her flagrant dishonesty, my wife engaged a married woman of the island to wait on her. This Teresa

has been a great comfort, being a steady, honest, hard-working woman. A remark made one day on a pair of these enormous pendants drew forth an animated account from this young Ischiote of a similar pair, an heirloom in her mother's family, which were made over to herself upon the occasion of her marriage. It seems they had somehow found their way to the pawnbrokers', and a considerable time elapsed before they could be redeemed. During this trying season Teresa took to her bed and mourned like a widowed dove over the absent treasure. She summed up her story with the words, "Questo mi ha fatto molto male!"

During the past week we have had the vintage in Casamicciola, and a pretty sight it has been. As I never witnessed one before, I took care to be present at all the stages of the operation: from gathering to carting, from carting to vatting, from vatting to pressing, and finally the barrelling off of this precious nectar. The scene in the wine-press is well worth witnessing once. The bunches being thrown in, men and boys follow, after stripping to the knee and being carefully washed in fair water — a fact this which I vouch for: hear

it, ye bakers and brewers of "Auld Reekie," and reform your ways! Some of these turn the stuff with pitchforks, while the others dance up and down and press out the juice. The vat of our host is about twelve feet square, and stands under a covered shed, with a simple arrangement for letting out the liquor afterwards into a lower reservoir, and a cross-beam and millstone for bringing a heavy pressure to bear upon the grape-skins.

During the process of treading, the door of the shed was kept wide open; yet the fumes which rose were so strong that all the treaders soon became inebriated, or, as they term it, "allegri." From a modest silence they passed to singing, and from singing to vociferous shouting. The scene brought forcibly to my mind divers passages in Holy Writ. After some hours of this, the juice was withdrawn, and strained through a wicker basket as it fell into the reservoir below. Then all was brought up again by buckets and thrown on the skins which lay in the bottom of the vat. Here it was left for six days, the doors of the shed being closed and locked upon it. At the end of this period the shed was re-opened, a heavy pressure by a flat surface applied to the heap, and the liquor flowed

forth as clear as cider. This was stowed away in huge barrels, which were finally bunged up, after a small quantity of strong acrid matter squeezed from the refuse grape-skins had been introduced: without this last the wine will not ferment.

It is to be drinkable in two months, and will cost about one-fourth of what "small beer" would in merry England: it is not, however, nearly so good.

Having said thus much of the regular wine of Ischia, I shall add that a French merchant who is settled here, and has built the largest house in the island, and on one of the most beautiful spots, grows the Falernian grape, both white and red, and makes a delicious wine from it, quite equal to Burgundy, and at one-sixth of the cost. He has also taught the white to effervesce like Champagne, a result achieved by a twofold process in addition to the usual steps. The bunches, after being plucked from the tree, must lie a whole night on a bank exposed to the heavy dews, to charge them with carbonic acid gas; and the bottles when filled must be plunged, previous to corking, neck downwards, into a pail of fresh spring water.

At fifteen pence a bottle this beverage is delicious; and, what is more, "sincero."

Whoever passes a month in Ischia should scale the Epomeo. I have been up it twice; once alone, when I was favoured with paradise weather and saw the wonderful prospect from *San Nicolo's Convent*; and again in company, some seven of us besides a cook, servants, donkey-men and dogs. On this last occasion, as will sometimes happen, we were unlucky in our day — a fog escorted by a sweeping blast overtook us at *Pansa*, and by the time we reached the summit we were children of the mist. There was nothing for it but to dry our dresses, dine, and then descend, how we might, over ankle-breaking crags and banks of slippery clay, to a cup of tea and a nightcap.

The "giro" of the whole island in an open boat is both agreeable and instructive. For the twentieth time in my life I was within an ace of becoming a zealous geologist, but escaped it. We had many adventures in the course of the day; one was disturbing a wasp's nest, when our boatman was stung by one of these insects on the cheek; this man, a brave and hardy sailor, and

built like a wrestler, cried like a child, and we all had to set to and comfort him!

On the long sandy reach facing Capri we made acquaintance with a natural cuisine well known to the contadini and fishermen, and large enough to dress the victuals of a regiment. Here you need neither fuel nor fire, pots nor pans: you have only to scoop a hollow in the boiling sand, wrap your viands in clean paper, and bury them; twenty minutes will cook a fowl, four or five an egg; "pomi-d'oro" and such like are done to a turn before you can say Jack Robinson. The row in an open boat was delightful; and, rounding the last headland, we came on the ruins of the old palace of the Bolgars, very interesting to those who have heard the story of the fair Restituta, a daughter of that house.

PALERMO.

November.

NATURE and art combined never produced a more beautiful result than this city; masses of travertine masonry mingled with groves of orange and citron, cover the vast "pianura;" behind the hills sweep in a semicircle; in front the ocean runs up with a delicate loop of blue on bright sands; and far away, a hundred miles as the crow flies, the white cone of Etna reflects the ray of the setting sun. It would be difficult to describe *Belmonte*, the villa where we are lodged, a mile distant from the city. The peerless prospect in front of us, the garden laid out round the mansion, the crested rockwork and red cliff rising one above the other at the back of the pleasure-ground, lower down in the vale hundreds of acres bushy with the cactus, and as the eye wanders further, to every palace an old buttressed wall, and clustering on every wall the dark foliage and golden fruit of the orange tree, a fairy-tinted sky above, and an air like balm, though November's breeze is sighing through the olives. It is a spot too beautiful to stay long

in; so it is fortunate that we are birds of passage. In the city all is novel and picturesque. Walk up the Via del Toledo and you will get an idea of Moorish architecture; here balconies hang in clusters like birds'-nests, and every cornice and support is carved with grotesque faces in the stone. The sides of the trottoir are dappled with shop-fronts proclaiming bright colours to be the rage; widespread stalls fill every possible and impossible place, proffering hot chestnuts to warm you, and icy-cold cactus-figs to cool you, with some twenty species of pulse, and fish and tobacco; sunburnt men in red and yellow caps lie sprawled in the streets; at every window protrudes a woman's bust; around are buildings reared by forgotten princes, and inhabited by beggars; the duomo with Saracenic towers without, and the appointments of a whitewashed barn within; churches gleaming with shrines of agate and gold, a pretty botanical garden, a raised terrace by the seaside, dirty lodgings, bad hotels;—it is Naples again, but Naples in an Arab dress, bedizened with jewels, but without bread to eat. The population appears even a grade lower than the half-clothed, quarter-fed adventurers who lounge in the Chiaja.

The abbey of *Monreale* demanded our first visit : but I shall not describe it, save to say that the panellings of the nave are coated with mosaics in a finer style even than those we saw in Rome. The greatest, because worthiest, name heard here is that of *Archbishop Testa*, who during his occupation of the See was the friend and father of the poor. He fed them, clothed them, educated them, and pleaded their cause with the mighty. "Ma," added our guide, "è morto quell' uomo venerabile, e adesso sono ritornati nella miseria." Certes the patriarchal dispensation was incant to abide, in substance, under all outward changes : we err in thinking to confine its exhibition to the limits of the family, or rather sovereigns should remember that for them the nation is the family, and that to deem otherwise will narrow their minds and cheat them of their true dignity.

Testa lived like a patriarch : his heart expanded as his family increased, and the revenues of his See, the influence of his name, the fruit of his studies, the hours of his time, the watchful travail of his spirit, were given to the flock of Christ.

After *Moureale*, we started on a visit to the *Temple of Segesta*, fifty miles distant. The drive

down upon Borghetto and across the Castellamare tract, and the pass of the Monreale, is very fine: the latter often reminding me of the pass of Leny in Perthshire. The greater part of the landscape exhibits open plains interspersed with boulders of rock, some of them rising to several hundred feet in height, and beautifully coloured. Arrived at *Calatafimi* we halted for the night, not without a presentiment of what awaited us. The inn, so called, is a disorderly cow-house, into which both pigs and mules intrude: an abominable loft overhead receives you hungry and tired, and here you must keep the windows open or else choke. We had taken the precaution of bringing our own sheets, one of Shamoy leather included, and a few ounces of tea: these with patience and hope of the morning kept up our courage during a night of fierce contention with a marching host. When day broke I hailed our landlady with the announcement "*Padrona, quanti pulci!*" "*Sicuro*" ("to be sure") was her response. And yet you are expected to write "*contentissimi*" opposite your names in the travellers' book. But all sublunary troubles have a limit: as the day broke we broke our fast, and were off with mules and a

donkey on a four-mile ride through the early dews to the heights above, where once stood *Segesta*, to forget our sleepless sorrows in contemplating a Greek Temple and the remains of a theatre.

How strong has ever been in a Roman mind the leaning to omens, specially in the matter of a name! The masters of the world, when they took into amity and alliance this city, claiming a common origin with themselves in Trojan ancestors, shrank from the poverty-stricken sound of "*Egesta*" and rebaptized it "*Segesta*."

Pyrrhus with his elephants, or Hannibal with his heavy armed infantry, were scarcely so formidable in the eyes of the S. P. Q. R., as an unlucky crow, or sacred chickens who refused to eat. After climbing a pretty stiff brae we came upon the classic ground; a situation as fine as that of Pæstum, and one calling up grander ideas.

The Temple is larger in its dimensions than that of Neptune, and pure Doric. The columns are formed of cylindrical blocks like millstones, of very unequal thickness; towards the centre of each column there is a considerable bulge: these are not channelled, as those at Pæstum, but they are loftier, and the proportions of the entire struc-



The Temple of Minerva at Naxos, Greece.

W. B. F. J. 1831. N. Y. G. E. 1831.

ture struck me as being more elegant. The quarry from which they were hewn lies all around : bending strata of calcareous travertine cropping out from the mountain's side.

The effect of the morning light was grand and imposing : the Temple looks nearly due North, and the sun's rays gilding the colonnade on one side projected on the other a beautiful shadow of the entire building, pillar, nave and pediment, on the grassy slope. This effect is best seen as you descend the opposite hill, on which the amphitheatre stands : the Temple then faces you, and the shadow is laid down on the right, if the hour be about 8 A. M.

The whole thing is as ghostly as Melrose Abbey : nothing is here to break the charm of solitude which approaches almost to the sublime ; the mules making up for lost time among the bent and trefoil are hidden by the edge of the hill ; the shrewd guide is with them, occupied probably in computing how much he will charge you. Meantime you may forget your foolish purse, and think of the days that are gone. How many thousands once were busy here ! and what is become of their dwellings ? Here is indeed the Temple, standing un-

hurt as if by magic : but for the rest, nought save waste blocks strewing the vast area. Where are the happy homes, the busy mart, the sociable streets ? All is gone, but how did it disappear ? Did an earthquake level the "*pauperum tabernas regunq̃ue turres*" yet spare the temple ? I should rather incline to believe that some ruthless conqueror, such as Agathocles, in the hour of vengeance, ploughed up the city but feared to touch what was consecrated.

The Amphitheatre, Roman of course, must have been an elegant one, judging by what remains. It was of unusually small dimensions. The courses here are laid in a blue stone selected from the curling edge of the quarry. Report says that the imperial Nicolas meditates a trip from the palaces of Palermo to this mountain scene : I advise him to carry his bed with him to Calatafimi. What a man is this ! surely the eagle of his tribe. Even Madame Catalani's glowing description of his appearance scarce prepared me to see such an energetic Colossus. L'Imperatrice seems to be mending in health here : but oh ! grief to the Palermites, they must not fire the guns, as she cannot bear the concussion. But to return to our villa. What

singular associations cross one's path in life ! All my schoolboy days rushed back on me just now as clear as if present. We were taking a turn on the gravelled walk that runs round the shrubbery : a little yellow owl was tied by the leg to a hutch : sundry suspicious-looking twigs lay here and there athwart the hedge-row, and half a dozen linnets and sparrows stood chirping at him. Returning *chez nous*, a glance at our landlord explained the whole affair : he held in either hand a prisoner fluttering on a lime-twig ; "due bocconi," said he, with a grim smile : the "civetta" had been playing the part of decoy-duck, and these were the first-fruits. In another minute, before we could grant them grace, he twisted both their necks, and declared we should see them at dinner.

CATANIA.

December.

AFTER a peep at *Messina*, here we are at the foot of *Etna*, in a town historically old, but actually new, looking up at a cone ten thousand feet above us white with snow. Nothing can well be more striking than the coast of Sicily, whether you sweep by it in a steamer, or take a "vettura" occasionally and post across such levels as have roads made on them. From *Palerino* to *Messina* we had the boat, and from its deck made acquaintance with the *Lipari Isles*, *Scilla* and *Charybdis*, and *Stromboli*. The appearance of this latter gives a more simple impression of the power of volcanic agency than even the lofty furnace of *Vesuvius*: here is a rocky chimney rising like a lighthouse amid the waves, and in a state of constant ignition day and night for some thousand years.

Charybdis has golden sands and a picturesque tower: there is still a considerable whirlpool off shore which the steamers avoid. *Scilla's* rocks would wreck any craft mad enough to brush against them; but with ordinary care there can be

little danger of coming into such contact, for the tide which carries you into the bay of *Messina* through the strait flows like a millstream.

The road from Messina hither presented nothing worthy of remark, save the dry beds of water-courses, which in six weeks are to become torrents. Of these, albeit noways picturesque, one is constrained to take note every half-hour, as the large pebbles almost unwheel you. The way the vehicle is packed, though sensible enough on other grounds, renders these bumps inevitable whenever the road is uneven: all the luggage is slung in a rope-net below the belly of the carriage, and of course clashes with every obstruction that occurs. And thus, three horses abreast, you get along, some five miles an hour. The sixty odd miles between Messina and this took a couple of days, as the same cattle must do all the work.

We have been here a week, and I have ascended *Etna*; a matter very easy in summer, but somewhat difficult in the snow. Real danger I should say there is none for any healthy person, if he or she will observe certain precautions. Professor Gemellaro, who lives at Nicolosi on the mountain, was good enough to put me on my guard just in

time. We reached this spot, some 14 miles from hence and lying at the edge of the first lava-field, in the evening, and I at once made my arrangements for starting towards midnight with a guide to reach the summit. Calling on Gemellaro, he gave me two wrinkles: "Borrow a Sicilian Capotte; and before you set out lie down and sleep, if it be only for a couple of hours, — as the temperature between this spot and the Casa degli Inglesi varies above forty degrees of Fahrenheit." Forewarned, forearmed: so to bed I went and dozed two hours, then dressed, pocketed a pair of long stockings to don *over* my boots and pantaloons, with an extra pair of gloves and a comforter, and finally got into a great rough Capotte which I deemed as impenetrable as if it were the shelter of a stout roof-tree and warm fireside. I little thought that within six hours the air of upper Etna would pierce through it like the blade of a sword, benumbing my joints, chilling my marrow, and freezing my breath in icicles on whiskers and eyebrows. I started about eleven p. m. Two men accompanied me, one to scale the summit, the other to look after the horses, which must be left at the Casa degli Inglesi. We had moonlight for 2 or 3

hours, after which Diana veiled herself, I rather think behind the mountain, but won't be positive. After passing 4 miles of lava, we entered the *Bosco* and wandered for about 5 miles more through winding paths and among broken banks where doddered oaks rising out of the fern recalled the scenery of Windsor Forest. In this "bosco" is a hut, where we halted a quarter of an hour to feed the cattle, and don our extra wraps. Shortly after this we emerged from everything hospitable and habitable upon a vast country of lava: now it would be a clamber for half an hour along the edge of a precipice, now a plain two miles across, whitened by lakes and grips of frozen snow; then another precipice, — and so on for nine miles. There was not much wind, but when a breath did come it was like a rebuke void of love, chill and disheartening. The Capotte has a band by which it buckles at the waist: I shall always like the sight of a buckle and band: I believe it saved me once or twice from dropping out of the saddle. There are few things more exhausting to the spirits than a long endurance of severe cold by night: the muscles and nerves become overwrought, and their usually cheerful play turns to

a dead pull: perhaps the brain is slightly affected, the heart certainly is, as your pulse plainly indicates. Then, the horses will stumble, and when they stumble often they get frightened and refuse to go on, and then you must dismount and lead your beast, though your fingers are frozen and your head giddy. Amidst this diversion I had two severe falls; one of them, which was into a deep grip, the horse shared with me. I know when we reached the *Casa degli Inglesi* at past five in the morning, I thanked God heartily and audibly. Here we halted, unlocked the doors, lit a fire in the outer room, and gave the beasts a bag of fodder. The guides fell to eating: I was too sick to accompany them, but they did ample justice to my cold fowl and bottle of wine as well as to their own viands. I never looked on such a scene as that which was presented from the threshold of this Casa. A vast "pianura" of black lava ribbed and spotted with snow, here a hillock perhaps 200 feet high, of the same stern material, there the dim crest and plumbline of a precipice; on the other side, looming through the sombre air like a barrier-limit of the world, the huge cone of Etna. Beyond this, absolute void. There was

comfort in feeling that amid the wilderness I stood on the threshold of an English home; for this rude tenement was reared by a party of English, and God knows how many lives it has saved. Still I longed for day to break and reveal something akin to the habitable earth if it were but a grey stone or a lichen.

An hour and a quarter of severe struggle, with the aid of a stout staff each, brought myself and guide within a hundred yards of the topmost ridge. The loose ashes made this part of the business very wearisome. I observed that in ten steps we did not advance above half as many feet. All at once, in our last halt for breath, we saw the horizon flush from a dull pink to bright orange, and up came the sun. With it came rays of golden light bringing warmth to our bodies, and form and colour to every object around us. We scrambled over the remaining bit, and gained the summit of the cone. Here ocular proof is obtained of the prodigious elevation of Etna, of which one has no adequate idea from below. Some six or seven thousand feet beneath us lay a fleecy field of clouds resting like pillows on the region of the Bosco, and spreading from thence in a vast semicircular area to

the visible horizon, with perhaps a hundred and fifty miles of radius. When I first looked on this I supposed it to be the sea, and marvelling at its unwonted appearance requested the guide to show me Catania: "Queste sono nuvole, e Catania non si può veder" was the answer. Indeed it lay fully three thousand feet lower, and was at this time buried under the mist. As the sun advanced the enormous white mass parted in divers directions, and the sea showed itself, a gulph of indigo, with huge things careering on its surface like icebergs after a thaw: these were the clouds rent and piled up. "Adesso si vede il mare" said my friend: I smiled, for I saw he had discerned my previous unbelief of his assertion. In the course of twenty minutes the lava-fields on this side of the Boso were visible.

We now walked on the edge of the great crater with our backs to the sun. My attention was drawn from one phenomenon to another: I was marvelling how crystals of ice could be formed amidst hot scorix and smoking sulphur, when the guide called me to look at a "bella cosa;" I raised my eyes and beheld the shadow of the cone projected in air on the morning moisture in the di-

rection of Lipari. It seemed exactly another cone, heaviest towards the head, which was of a violet colour, and shivered into shadowy streaks on the flanks. Behind it was a sky brightening every moment with the sun's ray, and across this a few dark horizontal lines broke from the penumbra. This thing is spectral in its appearance, and more than any other object aloft, impresses one with a sense of the singular and isolated position of Etna's summit.

The main crater is about five hundred feet deep at this time ; so say the guides, but I think this must be measured down the slope of the funnel. I could not, however, see to the bottom, owing to volleys of sulphureous smoke whirling up ever and anon, accompanied by a rumbling noise and occasionally by a slight vibration in the ground underfoot. Here I found amidst warm ashes, on the slope of the crater within, heavy crystals of ice set all at one angle and curved like sharks' teeth. I picked up one bit as big as a walnut and asked the guide if he could account for its presence. Far be it from him to give a "rationale" of any thing of the sort: it would derogate from the dignity of

Etna. It reminded me of a chemical experiment played off by a French savant at one of the late "Scienziati" meetings. He made water freeze in a red-hot cup. The silver or platina being brought to a red heat, a few drops of water are thrown in, which do not evaporate but jump about. Sulphuric acid is now poured in, which in the act of boiling produces so intense a cold by the disengagement of its latent heat, that the drop of water at once turns to ice. I opine the chemical process here to be the same, only on nature's grand scale. The morning mists supply the moisture, and within the crater there is no lack of sulphureous mixture boiling as in a retort: hence, as hot fumes ascend, the crystals of ice are precipitated. If any one reject this solution of mine let them find a better, remembering that they are to account for pieces of ice forming on a bed of warm ashes. This principle of "disengagement of latent heat" may also help to account for the severity of the cold felt on Etna, which is far greater than is due to its elevation. I believe the summit of an Alp at the same level is not so cold though in a more northerly latitude. A Russian, who ascended the mountain a fortnight before I did, was perfectly amazed:

he said he never felt, even in Petersburg, such peculiar sensations of cold.

There lay another smaller crater not far off with a caldron of flames at its bottom, but the sides of this cannot be descended with safety; we paced a few yards down the interior of the big one, but I was never fond of breathing sulphur matches, so did not go far.

On our return over the lavas I stopped to examine "Empedocles' Tower," as the country people call it, but now held to have been one of the early altars to Ceres: this latter guess is ingenious, but may give place to a better. The remarkable fact about it is, that it presents a fine specimen of brick-work not found elsewhere assignable to such a date in the Etnean country. As to Empedocles or any one else, permanently inhabiting this elevated region, I hold it to be a fable; if he really did so for a week in December, it would fully account for his jumping into the crater to warm himself.

Sicilians quote the view of the *Val di Bue* from the edge of Etna's north-eastern cliff, as the finest they have; it is certainly the wildest. Your eye travels down to a vast plain lying far below; from

its level rises an extinct volcano, whose fields of lava, richly tinted, are spread round its base; mountains form a ring fence, themselves of considerable stature, but shrinking into mediocrity by the side of Etna. On reaching Catania, I sketched this scene and the spectre of the mountain from memory.

The descent was as rapid as the ascent had been long and toilsome. I thought the Bosco beautiful; the trees are of the species of oak called "elce," growing in a ferruginous soil which abounds with some curious specimens of semi-petrified earth, probably due to the action of saline springs. Emerging from this, I encountered my dear partner on horseback; she had braved the morning dews, and was bringing a basket with provisions for breakfast, and a ready ear for my mountain tale. Fox followed among the attendants, and seemed vastly surprised that he had nothing but lava and ashes to run upon. I retain two mementos of this expedition, a beautiful piece of coloured scoria from the crater's edge, and the oak stick cut from one of the "elci," with which I climbed up the cone.

This *Catania*, or *κατ' Ετνα*, lying at the foot of

the mountain, derives its chief interest at this day from its position; the era of its glory, and it is to be hoped also that of its calamity, has gone by, and it is now a second rate town, inferior to Palermo in beauty and to Messina in wealth, but still attracting many visitors to its singular neighbourhood. Every thing tells of Etna, breathes of Etna; the exquisite honey at your breakfast-table is from the slopes of Etna; Etna's snow ices the fruits and confectionery; Etna's lavas, cut into polished tablets and boxes, adorn the shop-windows; if you ask about the weather, Etna's cone is the only authority, and according to its actual appearance, hot or cold, wind or calm, fair or foul is predicted. Above all, if you have legs and your health, you make a push to climb to the loftiest crater in Europe. The Saracens called him "Mongibello," which means "mountain of mountains," Etna resting on a vast region of hills as his base.

Catania is almost entirely new, having been rebuilt on the old foundations after the earthquake of 1693, which slew sixteen thousand persons here, and in all Sicily, I believe, a hundred thousand. The shock overthrew the old town, leaving only up

to the first floor in the *Benedettini* monastery, and a few other buildings. Indeed from the first it has known its full share of troubles. In A. D. 535, Belisarius took it; in 550, Totila; in 1542, earthquakes shook it dreadfully; from 1575 to 1578, it was ravaged by pestilence; from 1581 to 1591 a famine raged. In 1624 the pestilence came again; in 1647, again; in 1669, Etna buried every thing westward, and great part of the town itself, the wave of lava, thirty feet high, halting suddenly within ten yards of the *Benedettini*. In 1693 was the awful earthquake.

There is great lack of a good history of the city, which is the more surprising as many authenticated traditions, known to man, woman, and child, exist. The Duca di Carcace, the first noble here, has drawn up an elegant little volume, but it scarce amounts to more than a guide to museums and villas. Some one should commence a work on all the ancient capitals of Sicily; no country ever had so many or so mighty, save perhaps Etruria; and among these Catania would furnish an interesting volume; it is more ancient than either Palermo or Messina, a colony from Chalcis having founded it



Jerusalem, looking from the Temple Mount

18. 18. 18. 18. 18. 18.

in 758 B.C., *Nasso* and *Leontium* being prior only by a few years. It was christianised as early as A.D. 44; and its inhabitants have from the first borne such a warlike character that they never crected fortifications to defend themselves, until an attempt of the Turks to sack the town had nearly succeeded, in the middle of the sixteenth century.

If such a work as the above were undertaken, it would derive much interest from questions of chronology and language to which it would give rise. The latter has always been shifting and changing; at this day it is a medley. The former is involved in admitted confusion, from which it can only be extricated by bringing to bear on the disputed points the collateral light of general history. Another very interesting branch would be the geography of the island, or, rather, the decision of the different districts in which distinct colonies settled down, and a note of their emigrations from time to time. If I were living here for five years I would undertake it, and get Professor Agatino Longo, of this town, to help me; who is a very well-informed and agreeable man, though devoured with philosophical hobbies.

Synopsis.

PEOPLE.	ERA.	LANGUAGE.
Ciclopi. Lestrigoni. Sicani. Siculi - {	80 ante Trojam captam - -	} Sicilian. Phœnician.
Trojani. Chalcidenses -	765 B.C.	
Corinthians -	-	Grecian mixed.
Megarenses. Romans -	-	Latin mixed.
Saracens -	-	Arabic.
Normans - {	Beginning of 12th century - -	} Norman.
Castilians, &c. -	14th century.	

This is a rough sketch of what would be needed as a running comment to accompany the body of the work. There is one antique here, the elephant of basalt, in the Piazza; this is probably due to the city's amity with Pyrrhus, 300 B.C.; it was then they lost their solar quadrant, which emigrated to Rome, as part of the spoil seized by Messala. Catania stands, despite its wars and its earthquakes; but where are Leontium, Agrigentum, Tauromenium, Syracuse, and others? all once mighty cities, and how little do we know of their fall!

There are several modern "lions" here. The *Biscari* museum is as well arranged as any I have seen, though necessarily limited, being a collection made by one family, almost by one individual, the late prince; here are some of the most beautiful petrifications in the world. The *Duomo* is a handsome building, and contains St. Agata's head in a silver case, but it cannot be shown till her "festa" in February arrives. She is the patron-saint, and in the "Maria" nunnery is a painting representing the torture inflicted on the youthful martyr; it is a fact that the executioners cut off her breasts! Cœur de Lion called at this port on his way to l'Alestin, and presented a crown of gold at her shrine: this and a collar with inestimable jewels are kept locked and guarded under seven fire-proof doors.

The noblest church, however, here, or in all Sicily, is the *Monastery of the Benedettini*, which is on a free foundation, even the sovereign having no power to dilapidate its revenues. This princely society keeps the poor of Catania from perishing by famine: a sum of several dollars is disbursed every morning in necessities to relieve the most pressing cases. Sovereigns have been guests here, and the

building comprises a palace, a museum, and a "hanging garden," constructed on the terrace afforded by the last wave of lava which took this direction in 1669. Here, from a window looking out into the court, we gazed on the scene and fact of the "miracolo." A space of some ten yards broad, by perhaps thirty in length, is flanked on the left by the convent-wall, on the right by the parallel line of lava-rock, now solid, and supporting shrubs and trees, but then liquid enough to flow. It here stopped short of the church, which its further progress for a few seconds must have thrown down. The great earthquake, twenty-four years later, shook down all the upper stories, but left the basement level up to the first floor standing and facing the lava as before. Thus it has escaped twice, from eruption and from earthquake-shock. The Catanians love to dwell on this miraculous interposition in favour of their church, and who can blame them?

The choir has one of the finest organs in the world; we heard a voluntary on it. This town was *Bellini's* birthplace; the people are passionately fond of music. There is one good picture here, author unknown,—the "Spasimo."

The Catanians have many troubles, but they have also many advantages natural or acquired. I think on the whole they are happy people. Their corn, which erst fed Rome, is almost indigenous, for the date of its introduction into the island cannot be traced. Their vines, growing low as on the Rhine, yield a far more generous grape than that which ripens on the straggling festoons of Italy: their fish are abundant and delicious; no seas in the world can show the like. *Cefalo*, *spina*, *merluzzo*, *nasella*, *alice*, are superior to any sorts I ever ate any where. Then, if they wish to build, they need not bake bricks or quarry stone; here is the ready lava, durable, and of all colours; and marbles, agates, and alabasters, to face it with, for those who can afford expense. To this day they dig up rare coins and odd antiques, and their river rolls down amber of three different hues, a perquisite for the peasant and fisherman. They are lively and faithful craftsmen, as the terra-cotta groups witness. Their silk fabbrica well nigh mates that of France, and the material is *à si bon marché*, that every Catanian woman goes to mass in a long mantilla of good black silk, enveloping her from the head to the ancles. Finally, Mongi-

bello, their only terror, is at the same time their pride and delight: when he is quiet, they rejoice in his beauty; when an eruption threatens, they humble themselves before the Almighty, and confess their sins as a people. London, Paris, Rome, seats of pride and luxury, have ye any thing better? or is the unseen mine beneath your palaces and markets, ready to be sprung when least expected, less dangerous than the artillery and lava-floods of Etna?

One effect of visiting a country like this is to force one's attention to the subject of volcanic lavas. The amount of those in existence in the Two Sicilies, if computed geometrically, is truly prodigious, and then arises the puzzling problem of "what is the source, the actual *generation* of the lava?"

As to its amount, the measure of the Etnean fields has never been taken; it probably comprises one third of this island. But Vesuvius, a mere baby in comparison, has vomited enormous masses whose dimensions have in part been tested. While we were in Naples they were boring an Artesian well in the vicinity of the palace. The shaft had been sunk 450 feet, and they were not yet through the volcanic strata.

Again, Ischia is simply a volcano: the entire region of the Solfaterra, Phlegrean fields, &c., is an old volcanic district. Some persons deem that the whole kingdom of Naples has come out of the bowels of volcanoes; it is very possible: if the eye may decide, then I should say every thing between Vesuvius and Cuma, including the Bay of Naples, was once one great crater; it certainly retains that form, only, as the old lavas return to a consistence of clay, one walks over them without knowing it.

The nature of the lava-rock prior to its volcanisation is not known: it would seem, however, to be homogeneous, liquefying in all parts of the world at much the same temperature, and everywhere retaining its heat for a length of time which is difficult to account for. The scorix, ashes, and vitrified matter shot forth in gaseous explosions have a totally distinct character and are never liquefied. Probably the lava has a base of clay with lime and alum combined. Iron from time to time mingles with this, and hence on the crater's edge you will always find it in some form or another. Round that of Etna small shining prisms like "tourmalines" are picked up: they go by the name of "*ferro specolare*" from their reflecting the

light, and they are not fusible in fire. Gemellaro gave me a paper of them when I was with him. The eruptions are unquestionably due to a superabundance of moisture: when the water is decomposed explosive gases result. Hence, earthquake-shocks generally coincide with the throes of the mountain. A very wet season is always followed by one dangerous to those who dwell near a volcano: it has been noted also that in the first stages of an eruption streams of salt water are sometimes vomited. Volcanoes, moreover, throughout the known world, stand in the vicinity of seas, as Coto-paxi, Hecla, Etna, Vesuvius, &c. Stromboli is in the sea. Some one has observed that where a sea has retired, or the inland lake dried up, the volcano has become extinct. Now all this dangerous activity of the water would alone lead one to think of *clay* as the base; for that substance is impervious to water, and when the chambers within the mountain's jaws are heated they act as boilers and generate steam. There is another and distinct reason for assuming a base of clay, and that is the apparent fact that old lavas return to the state of clay, as is seen in the Solfaterra. Having said this it is fair to mention one objection to clay being

supposed the prevailing ingredient, which is this: clay is very cold, but the lava torrents retain their heat sensibly for a number of years. The current of 1669, I am assured, was warm in parts for ten years afterwards: and that of 1843 is hot now, at the end of two winters, on the Bronte side of the mountain. This difficulty is very great: but may be met by the fact that metal, which radiates very slowly, is present in the formation. I think, however, there is another consideration which may solve the problem.

The lava-rock would appear to possess the property of internal combustion, as a piece of phosphorus does. Whoever has read that very interesting book the "*Etudes sur la Nature*," will remember a chapter there on origins and species, by B. St. Pierre, in which he remarks, *contra* the geologists, that Etna's forges must have been formed *before* an eruption could take place. I quote from memory and have no copy of the work within reach: but his argument is unanswerable, and will bear as a corollary [note (f)] that there must have been *fuel* in the forge from the first. In brief, the fusion results from fire kindling within the rock itself, when the viscous nature of the substance and its

aversion to assuming a gaseous form, cause the fluid stream of stony matter. A chemist would say there is a reaction of the component elements of the rock, as in the case of fermentation.

Switzerland has glaciers, but no volcanoes; why? because it is inland. Its fresh-water lakes would not feed a volcano. The "fall of the Rossberg," however, was accompanied by an explosion of gas, a shower of heavy missiles, and an exuding of vast masses of clay; which had every volcanic character save the phosphoric and metallic one of melted matter flowing as from a forge.

While speaking on the subject of the lava, I may note here what has been found to be the chief danger attendant on approaching a stream of it in motion. This danger lies in any covered tank or reservoir of water happening to be near. In one of the latest eruptions of Mount Etna a number of persons had followed the course of the lava for some miles, occasionally stirring it with sticks, and even running across the heated current. At a certain point, the stream came in contact with a small reservoir; an explosion of steam followed instantaneously, and about a score of persons who were standing near lost their lives; others were scalded.

The same thing occurred not very long ago on Vesuvius.

Among the specimens of lava which I collected while in Catania, I have one exhibiting a transparent agate-like substance, striped as are the Scotch pebbles: this was without doubt formed by the heated lava thus coming in contact with water.

While on this subject, I mention a fact unwelcome to divers modern geologists. The origin of basalt is probably aqueous; a variety which is evidently stalagmitic may now be seen in a cliff near *Aci-Trezza* on this coast. The *Cyclopean Isles* hard by are of this material. We have made our trip there, but a rough sea forbad our landing on the sheer rock. In the attempt we were nearer being drowned than I ever saw a boat's crew in my life. "Non nobis, Domine!" said I, and say still. The "temporale" came like lightning, the waves rose like a castle wall, our boatmen were panic-struck, and our fat host, Abbate, very near upset us all. My servant, a Florentine, turned as pale as if he had seen the Angel of Death.

SYRACUSE.

Syracuse, January, 1846.

WE paid a visit to *Messina* a week ago, where we had the pleasure of being wind-bound on Christmas day. As the breeze still continued adverse for Naples, and a steamer here on such occasions is only another word for your coffin, we have run down the coast thus far to get a peep at scenes renowned in the annals of Athens and consular Rome.

Messina has not many lions, but it seemed a comfortable sort of place to live in. From the brow of a mountain behind the town there is a noble view of the two seas, Tyrrhene and Ionian. On the quay stands one fine piece of sculpture, a fountain with sirens. There are three or four splendid convents: in that of "Monte Alto" I found an entire wall covered over with votive offerings in descriptive pictures, which is the old Roman custom of Horace's day surviving to our century: —

" Me tabulâ sacer
Votivâ paries indicat nvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris Deo."

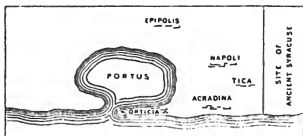
Substitute "Mariæ" for the two last words, and nothing else is different.

In merry England on Christmas day people eat roast beef and plum pudding, turkeys and mince pies: you may eat most of these here also; but the special dish in honour of the "Nativita" is "*capitoni*," enormous eels stewed in a rich sauce. Every soul ate capitoni in Messina. Indeed there was an unusual supply; for a shipload of them intended for the Naples market could not leave port in time owing to the gale: and thus the speculator, a sea-captain, was fain to get rid of them in Messina at half price. Now I can only say they are very good; but we took the precaution of having another string to our bow in shape of a respectable roast joint of beef and a real good English-looking plum pudding. After that, it is very hard if we are left for the year of grace "eighteen forty-six" without Victoria's bonny face in our purse.

January, 1846.

Syracuse of all the spots I have ever seen affects me most strongly with the idea of desolation. Here are some fifty square miles, once peopled by a million and a half of souls, as bare and lone

as the top of Ben Cruachan. Of the five divisions which made up the ancient city one only, *Ortigia*, lying at the extreme edge on the sea-coast, survives. But *Epipolis*, which had the citadel,



and overlooked all the rest, is now a vast plain strewed with ruins level with the knee: its towers, which erst kissed the blue sky, now kiss the sod. *Tica* (Τύχη), where Fortune's temple stood, has shared the fortunes of Nineveh, and is in ruins: *Acradina*, ruins; *Neapolis*, ruins: and such ruins! myriads of blocks, but each one laid low: columns, but all broken: banks and terraces of masonry presenting the appearance of a landslip: baths fallen in, arches crushed, the main lines of roads scarcely to be traced — nought remains but the excavations of two theatres, the "Latomie" or quarries, subterranean grottoes, a catacomb, and two headless columns of the temple of Olympian Jove.

The natural features of the country round are too strongly pronounced for the flight of time to affect them materially. Towards Etna, which is a majestic object from hence, the ground swells into long sweeping ridges. Epipolis crowns a sort of cliff, from which you look down on the peninsula of Thapsos on the left, and on the right have a bird's-eye view of Plemmirium and of the port, which is double. Here we threaded a range of subterranean galleries from which of old issued, as if by magic, the Syracusan horse and foot on the flank of the Athenians. These ambushes lie underneath the city's foundations, and I have met with no remains which give a bolder idea of the conceptions and labours of the men of other days. *Labdalo's* position is marked by one of the few large masses extant: here *Nicias'* camp was pitched, and here he had full leisure to reflect on the folly of the whole expedition. The *Port* has a circumference of seven miles; 500 sail of the line might lie as snug within its arms as a coble in a boathouse: Nelson harboured here for a week with fourteen seventy-fours, having 10,000 men on board, a matter which the Sicilians have not forgotten. *Bronte*, on the side of Etna, is not better known by the tremendous

lava-torrents which it has vomited than by the lion-hearted commander to whom it gave a duke's title. The entrance to this port was defended anciently by a bridge of boats connected with strong chainwork; an impassable barrier when such was needed. At present Ortigia is entered on the land side by five gates and four drawbridges. "In hoc portu Atheniensium nobilitatis, imperii, gloriæ naufragium factum existimatur,"—so says Tully: but what chance could Athens, while at variance with Sparta, have had against such a city as Syracuse? Sallust observes, shrewdly enough, "Atheniensium res gestæ, sicuti ego existimo, satis amplæ magnificæque fuere; verum aliquanto minores tamen quàm famâ feruntur:" and then he gives the reason.

At the foot of Epipolis are some fields of scorïæ and old lavas from Etna, but the folks here do not care much about Mongibello. An old fisherman was asked by a professor what account he could give of that "*rara avis in terris*," the basaltic cluster of isles called "*Ciclopi*." He of the skiff and nets cut this Gordian knot readily enough. "*Furono fatti da Domin' Iddio*"... a wiselike answer, not unworthy of certain folks' consideration now-a-days.

Arethusa's Fountain is now a scanty rill drizzling alongside of a stone wall. When we looked on it I really forgot the "Sicelides Musae," and thought of the banks o' Clyde; for two or three brawny wenches, stripped to the knee, were sousing, rinsing, and straughting the linen in the waters of the coy nymph. The *Anapo* and *Ciana*, two streams which uniting a little above the harbour mingle their fresh waves with its salt, are better worth a visit. The *Ciana* is beautiful: fringed with colossal waterflags, and its bosom reflecting the floating thickets of the "papyrus." This latter is identical with the plant of the Nile. When growing it has a graceful appearance, the triangular green rush and golden mop-like head swaying and nodding in every gust. Here are several small islands of it anchored in the stream: it sometimes stands twenty feet high. The process of making the paper is a simple one, but can only take place on the spot, as the stalk must be slit and pressed the same day it is rooted up or it will lose its adhesive property; these strips laid one over another, gridiron fashion, are pressed in a napkin—*et voilà tout*. A lad here makes it very tidily. We rowed

six miles up the Ciana to its source, a limpid pool some forty feet deep with the springs welling up in its bottom. The New River head, near Ware in Hertfordshire, is not unlike it; only here the water is so translucent that you may see shoals of the "cefalo" swimming about full fathom five. I regretted on this jaunt that I had not a fowling-piece with me; sumner-snipe, whole snipe, moorhen, dabchick, and yellow wagtail flirted around the boat: I even put up some wild-duck; and an enormous buzzard rose leisurely from the flag-stubble, where he had no doubt been doing his best to flout the game-laws.

The "Latomie," in the Tien district, were originally the Syracusan quarries, from which they cut many thousand cubic feet of stone, to rear their city walls and temples.

After the defeat of the Athenian army, these were used as prisons to confine the unhappy captives, and proved the condemned cells of such as could not recite Euripides. Some of them are now converted into rope-walks, others, appertaining to the convents, are dressed as gardens, and present a singular scene of verdure. The "Silva," of the *Capuccini* is the most beautiful; here the tops of

the pines and orange trees barely reach half way up the cliff which their convent crowns. The crypt here has relics of undoubted authenticity, the natural mummies of some twenty of the holy fathers of other days; each of these lifeless forms is fastened to the wall by a belt round the waist; some have collapsed and fallen, presenting the appearance of a martyr at the stake. I was vexed to find such lack of reverence and true discernment. What parent or brother could endure to meet the form and features he had known and loved thus exposed as curiosities in a musty vault? If I were Sua Maestà, I would insist with the superior on their interment. Our guide here was a Capucin of four-and-twenty, who, for zeal and kindness with simplicity of manners, might have sat for the portrait of Cristoforo in the "Promessi Sposi." *San Giovanni* had the honour of having S. Marziale for its bishop, the first Christian prelate who filled a chair in Sicily. In the primitive church below we saw the identical cross of masonry set by this bishop, when he consecrated the building; and a rare old eagle in stone, meant for that of St. John, with the first three verses of his gospel below. The mixed architecture here resembles the cross-

ings and overlappings of some of the geological strata. You can see huge Grecian columns peeping out from under a mask of Roman cement and brickwork. The catacombs are hewn in the tufo, and reach, it is said, to Catania.

St. Lucia's church is full of interest. Here is the picture by Caravaggio, of her interment, with the aged mother kneeling beside the corpse: his strong lights and shadows suit the subject well. This Lucia was a poor girl, but of great personal attractions: there is a story extant of her refusing to hearken to the suit of one who was attached to her, lest she should miss the cross of Christ. Her day is now the great "festa" of this city, whose principal quarter bears her name as patroness; including the fortress where the king's cannon thunder from the ramparts. It is impossible not to honour Roman Catholic Christians for the honour which they invariably pay to the memories of those whom they hold to have been foremost in the good fight.

Dionysius's Ear is the finest of all the caverns; whose "ear," however, it never was, but probably an echo-vault for a theatre, or odeon above. It is true, that in form it resembles an ear, more,



however, the asinine than the human, as some one pithily observed. The ground plan within has the figure of an S. Its dimensions are vast, some 200 feet long, by fully 100 in height; yet the old floor lies lower still, but is paved over, on account of the springs of water which flood the level.

They have a museum in the town: a mixed, though small collection. It has one gem, the *Venus*; a lady who unluckily lacks the head and half an arm, but they have acted wisely in not attempting restorations. This is one of the best statues that have yet been dug up anywhere; the drapery, which is beautifully arranged, is a very great advantage. In some respects I prefer this to the Florence beauty.

The *Esculapius* in the same room is a poor thing and heavy. Less ancient probably than the *Venus*, but as much mutilated, is *Archimedes' tomb*, towards Acradina — if indeed his it be. The Grecian cut front in the face of the rock has a striking appearance; but this pretty pediment and a bit of a pillar or two raise your expectations only to disappoint them. Within all is empty, nor has any one niche or chest furnished an inscription to

warrant the assertion of Sicilian antiquaries. Still, like the Spada Pompey, if it can't be proved neither can it be disproved; and one naturally wishes to believe it. I have amused myself with sketching an outline of what may have been his last resting-place in the city which gave him birth, and which his genius all but saved. One thing is in favour of the sentence which assigns it as his. It is the only sepulchre visible in these parts: and to bury within the city walls was contrary to all law and custom, a rule only departed from in the case of illustrious citizens and patriots.

The Syracusan features are handsome and "statuesque:" all they lack here is, first, the old city; secondly, a carpet on their floor in December and January.

In the best inn of the town we shiver with cold: Oh! for Kidderminster!

I am vexed that we cannot make out a trip to *Girgenti*, once mighty *Agrirentum*; but the coast road is just now sloppy and the weather tempestuous.

Lentini, old *Leontium*, is now a wilderness, the resort of huge tribes of water-fowl of every wing, who resort to the marshy lake. I have no speci-



men of its birds, but a very fine one of its ribbed lavas.

The site of *Taormina*, ancient "Tauromenium," is indescribably noble; and its theatre must have been the greatest thing in the island. You are at a loss whether to admire most the vast masses of brickwork, the specimens of alabaster and agate facings, or the evident remains of exquisite columns in Parian marble at its entrance. We walked round the enormous Attic, and I wavered for a moment in my vowed preference of the Coliseum above all other structures in hoc genere. The prospect is beautiful beyond description: thirty miles of coast run along like the curling edge of a shell in bays and inlets; rich slopes descend from Mongibello's base to the shore; and ten thousand feet above all, that proud cone rises like a gigantic wave from amid a sea of purple clouds. We had a climb of two hours from Giardini, and reached the *Theatre's Cliff* in time for a glowing sunset.

At *Giardini* there is a tidy inn, and a shrewd, bustling, inquisitive, benevolent old body of a landlady.

We did not quit Syracuse without experiencing

one sore disappointment. Those who know by experience the pleasure of meeting with a countryman or countrywoman while roaming in distant lands, with the delight of comparing notes and of exchanging a greeting in one's mother-tongue, will feel for us when they peruse the following.

In the hotel where we were lodged, the floor above was tenanted by a married couple, who had resided there for several weeks. Our own stay proved a brief one, and during the course of it we never met with these dear people: they had probably long since explored all the spots in the neighbourhood which kept us so busy sight-seeing. However this be, somehow we never met without-doors, and generally, on coming home at the close of the day, we were too glad to swallow a dish of tea and go to an early bed. Only, we heard that the lady had long been and was still sedulously engaged in gathering all the specimens she could find of a small blue shell, which strews the sands of the Anapo and harbour: also we were aware, as was my terrier "Fox," of the presence of two little dogs in the apartment above, one of which was said to be a perfect beauty. The day dawned at length whose afternoon was to see us re-embark

on board a steamer for Messina. What was our joy to learn that the family overhead were departing by the same boat! Now should I be able to indulge the feast of reason and flow of soul. What questions I would ask my new-found acquaintance, how we would box the compass of geological and antiquarian science—specially on the subject of the lavas!—there I thought I should shine. Then, the lady—a thousand pardons for not naming her first—how delightful, how cheering, how chatty it would be on board that horrid boat! The dogs too! Fox, I am certain, knew what was in question; for he knows everything, and understands moreover at this time three languages beside his own Gaelic. The hour drew on; we had despatched a hasty dinner—our bags were packed, our bills settled, the porter was summoned; we had heard too from time to time encouraging sounds above of packing, pushing, thumping refractory luggage. Their very door on the stair was ajar, and I could note the pattering of lap-dogs' feet. The lagging moments passed at length, the moment of departure came. We crossed our threshold, Fox whined, and I instinctively raised my head and gave a glance up

stairs: my eyes met the landlord's face; it wore a dispiriting, negative smile — "Questa famiglia non parte ancora," said he: "la signora non ha abbastanza di quelle piccole conchiglie; bisogna n' avere più!"

Next to the lava-labours of *Etna*, nothing has struck me more in this beautiful island than the poetical turn of the people. *Theocritus* was the father of Idylls; and *Virgil* is always appealing to the "Sicelides Musæ." I suspect the experience detailed in his *Georgics*, his most perfect work, was mainly drawn from hence. The words "Calabri rapuère" in the epitaph attributed to him for his own tomb, whether they were really his or no, prove, by inference, that he was close opposite this coast at the most observant period of life; and no doubt he crossed over. *Dante* allows that the first Italian effusions in playful satire were termed "Siciliani." Even *Petrarch* savours of *Trinacria*. The speech of the inhabitants is to this day rather poetical than prosaic, abounding in lively images and picturesque modes of expression. The studied cringing so common in Naples is rare here: during a stay of six weeks in the island, I have only twice heard the title "*Cellenza*," which is

everlastingly ringing in your ears in the metropolis. Their similitudes are endless, and sometimes very striking. In Florence you will hear "*Bello come il campanile*:" but here, if a lady is fair, she is "*una candela di cera*;" if too languid, "*ha un viso come un pesce bollito*:" gentlemen who sit sluggishly on their mules instead of springing off to aid the weaker sex up the hill are designated as "*pezzi di lava*." If a little girl has anything remarkable about her, "*È molto simpatica, una cosa particolare*." "*Buscar qualche cosa*," I am sorry to say, has here, as in Ischia, the double meaning, either to earn a carline or steal it, as the case may be. Their humour is never richer than when shown in describing their own peculiarities of character.

Two current Sicilian anecdotes may give some idea of the national obstinacy, a trait in which they certainly are not surpassed by any people—not even by the immovable Swiss. One of these relates that a Sicilian on his way from Catania to Messina, is met by a friend, who asks him where he is going; the reply is, "*Ho da essere a Messina*;"—"I must be at Mcasina." The other observes, "You should say, '*Se Dio vuole*:'" but

this only draws forth the vehement assertion, "Se Dio vuole, o non vuole, ho da essere a Messina." Hereupon, to punish his impiety, he is changed into a frog. On recovering, after a year's penance, his pristine form, he meets a man on the same spot, who puts the same question, and gets the same answer, with the old offence repeated. Again he becomes a frog; but though he has twice done penance as a croaking reptile, he hardily sins again, word for word the same, and now, being incurable, is turned into a marsh by the roadside, where so many are croaking that the sin is evidently national.

Another story introduces a Sicilian married woman, whose husband coming home from his work, finds the house turned topsy-turvy, and half the furniture destroyed; windows broken, curtains torn, tables upset, the very bars of the door twisted by main force. On requesting an explanation, he is told by his wife—"Maritu miu, forfici foru!" which means, "Husband mine, 'twas the scissors did it!" and she holds up her working scissors. Finding he can get no better answer, I am sorry to say he so far forgets himself as to carry his better half into the garden, and

there attaching the bucket-rope to her neck he lets her down into the well. After a souse up to the chin, he repeats his enquiry as to how the mischief was done, but always gets the same answer—"Forfici foru!" He now gradually lowers her deeper and deeper, putting the interrogatory from time to time, but with no better success. At length she is fairly plunged over head and ears; but while thus immersed, and speech impossible, the unyielding lady stretches out one arm, and holding the hand above water, moves the middle and forefinger so as to represent the action of scissors opening and shutting. At sight of this the husband gives in, draws up his wife, and takes her tenderly home, vowing that he will seek no better answer than the only one he seems likely to get,—"*Maritu miu, forfici foru!*"

These stories are genuine sketches of Sicilian pertinacity. The "*forfici foru*" is now a proverbial phrase, equivalent as a reply to ours, of "*Find out, and then you'll know.*"

Looking at the faded capitals of Sicily, one feels a deepening conviction that the sway of ancient Rome blighted every thing that sat under its shadow. These cities began with Phœnician en-

terprise, and were perfected by the arts and fostering amity of Greece ; but from the day when Rome gained the ascendant, they never knew real prosperity. In her palmy state they did not share her glory, but when she fell her ponderous ruin overwhelmed them. Since that, Goth and Saracen, Norman, Spaniard, and Bourbon, have lorded it over the lovely island, trampled the pasture, and oppressed the sheep. Nor are things really better now. No complaints can reach the ears of the kind-hearted sovereign who fills the throne, nor any representations obtain redress from the venal officials of the Neapolitan court. The Catanese are ridden with taxes, and overburdened with poor. They are just now building a new quay at their own expense, of which the royal treasury will reap the benefit in enormous harbour-dues. The cement found on Etna, being of old eruptions, is not strong enough to bind the stones. A supply was requested from Naples, where a fine rich "pozzolana" abounds. For every sack of this the Catanians are made to pay the full market value, and I saw on the quay that they are obliged to fee an officer day and night to watch over it ! This is surely somewhat illiberal.

ROME.

April.

THERE is something about this "Roma" unlike all other capitals. If you see it for the first time, though every block and flagstone are new to you, you feel as if it were an old friend, at least a scene which you have dreamed of all your life. Leave it for a season, visit other cities and return: Rome seems changed, a new creation. Surely Trajan's pillar is taller, and the Coliseum vaster than you supposed; St. Peter's dome has a grander swell, and the fountains are more life-like and magical. Perhaps you quitted it in winter and have come back in spring: take a turn on the Pincian and mark how the spikes of the cypresses and the umbrella-like tops of the stone-pines are varied by masses of bright foliage and white blossoms on the acacia and chestnut. The very streets are more cheerful: the shop-fronts are glittering with new models, the picture-dealers have exposed a fresher lot, other cardinals roll by in other carriages — a former generation has passed away, and you are

pacing the Corso among new faces. Go to the Campagna, to renew an old acquaintance with Egeria's grotto: it is old no longer; the grot is cooler and its fountain fresher; and the unseen nymph as she flings a straggling creeper in your face laughs at the dreamer who thought, because his temples were grown grey or his step less elastic, that boon nature has no resource in the spring-time and the zephyr. True, the works of man are mouldering: while the grove has put forth greener shoots, and a heavier crop is waving on the slopes, Time's scythe has been mainly busy; and the "imber edax" has eaten into brick and marble, tufo and travertine, though you cannot find the crumbs from such gigantic repast. The most changeless features are the face of the *Tarpeian* and the outline of the *Seven Hills*: but where are the royal adornments, the "fitting and furnishing" that once beautified imperial sites? How heavy is the hand of Time! Do you hear the vaunt of the placid Augustus? "I found Rome all of brick, I shall leave it of marble." How sternly the grey-beard smiles as he listens to it! Hark! he is whetting his scythe — "What a foolish way they have of tricking out the crust of this rickety

planet ! I have seen Babylon and Nineveh in their day ; they were a breakfast for me. Here is Rome,—her heart swelled with pride, her face plastered over with the spoil of the nations,—a choice morsel for old Time. I am hungry with ranging over the plains of Greece and the steppes of the Caucasus. Rome is ripe. By my beard ! I will not leave to this overgrown city a temple or a palace, a clean arch or a white block—ho ! there—the Goth and the Vandal ! ” And what is he mumbling now, as he sits over against the fallen palace of the Cæsars ? “ I found Rome all marble and bronze, squared stones and costly arches : *I have left it dust and ruin,—a sunken pit and a broken column !* ”

During the past month we have been on divers excursions into the Campagna. *Frascati* is a bower of verdure, lit up with the blossoms of the almond and the globe-rose. On the heights of *Tusculum* we have breathed the purest air of the hills and inspected a beautiful bit of old Roman pavement. At *Grotta Ferrata* we found Domenichino's boldest frescoes ; and made acquaintance with the original of a Poussin in the graceful monastery of *Palazzolo* built on a cliff which over-

hangs Albano's lake. From the summit of *Monte Cavi* and standing on the site of the temple of Jupiter Latialis, amid gleams of sunshine and driving mists, we have looked down on the two lakes of Albano and Nemi, and counted in fancy the thirty cities of Latium. What a scene is here! and what a path leads up the hill and descends again to the level of Albano! You ride through a forest of ancient chestnuts, whose domain must at one time have been invaded by a whirlwind, for all these trees are twisted in the rind like a cable; after this, a winding lane, its banks tufted with thyme and orchis shooting up under the thick hazels, and some hundred yards of the most perfect Roman road existing. Then there was *Castel Gandolfo*, with its galleries of ilex, and its Barberini Villa, and its emissary on the lake below: and *Aricia's* dewy woods: and *Nemi*, rock built, with its dark volcanic pool sleeping in that mysterious hollow. Nearer to Albano are the *Tomb of Aruns*, Porsenna's younger son; and the *Fortress of the Savelli*, an ivy-clad ruin of the middle ages. Here you may forswear butter, that yellow deceit, and eat the delicious "ricotta," a something between curds and clouted cream. No neighbourhood can

be finer: few capitals can boast one half so fine. *Tivoli*, in another direction, merits a three-days' visit even better, not so much on account of its waterfalls and Vesta's temple (called "*Sibyll's*") as for its Campagna and the noble remains of its viaducts.

In the course of a ride of twenty-eight miles we visited five of these latter, and some of them are the grandest we have seen. They shoot in bridges over deep ravines, tiers of arches clustering with forest-trees and brushwood to a height of sixty and seventy feet, and patched here and there with broad flakes of light on the red stone. In *Tivoli*, you may visit Mæcenas' villa, a stupendous toy; or Hadrian's, far vaster; or marvel at the petrifactions wrought by "præceps Anio." Hadrian, by the by, did not lack taste, despite his hideous mausoleum in Rome; he has planted this whole district with "*melagina*," an odoriferous shrub bearing a white flower like that of the syringa; the first slip of which he was at the trouble of bringing over from Egypt.

A pretty ride of fourteen miles leads from hence to the scene of *Horace's Sabine Farm* at the foot of the Mons *Lucretilis*. I found the site a bear-

garden ; of all his darlings nothing is left but the stump of a column. I did not get up the hill to Blandusia's fount ; so can't say whether it is still "splendidior vitro;" but, coming back, we had a taste of something better designated by the transatlantic term of "clear as mud:" a thunderstorm drenched us for two hours, and the river ran away with its own banks; passable roads all at once became a sonorous bog under our horses' hoofs: — but, we made the cattle go; strong round-built creatures, who mind nothing but a spur, but when that argument is adduced, they cut away like ostriches. To my surprise, when we reached Tivoli they had not turned a hair.

We have lately been with a party to see the illumination of the statues in the Vatican. A striking result is here obtained by means the most simple. All that is wanted for the treat is the custode's fee for the flambeaux, which is a heavy one, so it is better to make one of a large party if you have an opportunity. The wax-lights are enclosed in a semicircular shield of tin, acting at once as a screen and a reflector! this throws the hall around into deep shadow, while a powerful focus of light is brought to bear on the bust or

statue which is being exhibited. The thing which by day looked "so coldly sweet, so deadly fair," seems now to start into life; every vein and muscle protrudes, the eye acquires depth, and the mouth expression. I don't know whether the effect is most admirable in the sterner forms or in those of softer beauty. Perhaps the "Minerva Medica" was now the finest of all the marbles. But the "Hercules and infant Bacchus," the "Menander," "Antinous," "Demosthenes," were all wonderful in their vivid semblance of life. Canova's forms, exquisite as they are, lost a little, and betrayed their inferiority to the antique, under this searching test. I am afraid I shall never much care to see the statues again by day. After all, is Rome anything beyond a treasure-house of other nations' labours and inventions? Her "fine arts" were all Greek; her "antiquities" at this day are Egyptian or Etruscan. Her very "toga," it seems, was borrowed from Etruria; and it is whispered that "Purgatory," a graver matter, was first broached in Egypt.

The *Carnival* has come and gone; and we have seen for several days the gravest people in the world give themselves up to sports and disguises

compared to which a Christmas pantomime is sober seriousness. The Corso was a brilliant scene towards the hour when the steeds with none to ride rush down its glittering vista: here in open carriages and cars, on seat and box, or clustering in windows and balconies, the Roman dames assert their claim to being the comeliest in Italy. The mad diversion of "Senza Moccio" on the last night was the chief novelty. All the world who are abroad carry torches and flambeaux which the passers-by exert themselves to extinguish, growling these two words in derision when they succeed. The scene is absurd. Strange that here, in majestic Rome, the thing goes off admirably; while at Naples, where every soul is a natural mimic or buffoon, the carnival is dull and heavy.

It is a marvel how the same people can keep up the carnival, and then celebrate the holy week year after year. Nothing can exceed in solemnity the offices to which this latter is devoted. Despite the crowds of sight-seers, who will treat everything here as a theatrical exhibition, the aspect of the city has for several days been grave and impressive. The comparative stillness of the vast multi-

tudes assembling in churches and piazzas; the diurnal preachings; the penitent repose of the convents, where many noble ladies retire about this time for a season of mortification — all this is solemn, even outwardly, but much more so when you reflect upon it.

I went early on the morning of Good Friday to St. Peter's to hear Padre Ventura preach: I was half an hour before the time; and as I paced the aisles and along the glorious transept I thought I had never before seen the cathedral to such advantage. It was a clear morning, and the sun's level ray darted through an arched oriel window above, and came full on the great mosaic of St. John. All down the nave the light softened into a faint mist, till it was lost among the pillars and recesses of that enormous arcade. The massive golden coffers above seemed less heavy, and the marbles, too brilliant at noonday for a church, were mellowed down in the haze of dimness.

All the crucifixes were veiled, as if to point the people's regards on this day from a shadow to the substance, and the ever-burning lamps were extinguished around the Apostles' shrine. I enquired of a canonico who passed when the Padre was ex-

pected: "Adesso comincia," was the reply; and we entered the Cappella del Coro.

Padre Vantura, the Dominican, is a stout man, something past middle age, with a full clear voice, distinct delivery, and a good deal of action. In a discourse of an hour's length I do not know that I lost a word. He took as his subject the brazen serpent, from the text of St. John's Gospel; and in handling it ranged over many points of connection, and brought many striking similitudes to bear in illustration. I was edified by his fervid honesty. He charged his hearers with corruptness of motive, deadness of heart, and lack of divine charity: avowing that there is no true freedom but perfect freedom, and that if we had the mind of Christ we should take his yoke upon us and seek the salvation of our brethren more earnestly than we at present seek our own. The amount of extempore eloquence was very great: and it never swelled into bombast or strayed into vagueness. Many as were the points he touched upon, he was always clear and always hit the nail on the head: and reproofs and consolations were alike welcomed by his hearers.

I did not think the grand festa, on Easter day, so impressive, but was glad to be present when the

aged pope, to whom we had been presented a short time before, delivered the prayer "pro urbe et orbe," and gave with uplifted hands the patriarchal blessing. A hundred and fifty thousand heads were uncovered in the piazza and its outlets, reverent knees bended, and the vast multitude, this gracious act completed, returned peaceably to their homes.

St. Peter's and its colonnades were lit up in the evening with a delicate array of lamps formed with oiled paper; this was the "silver:" but when darkness fell, the second illumination, called "the golden," burst out in burning cressets all over the mass of building. The effect was very good, as all the lights in this quarter of the city are quenched, and the enormous cupola and façade thus stand out in fiery relief against a comparatively dark ground. The meridians of the dome resembled the jewelled arches in a royal crown, and the single cross, glittering on high above every other visible object, looked cheering and elevating.

The following night, St. Angelo's castle was the theatre of some brilliant fireworks. The "giran-dola" or bouquet just at the end is well done: but I thought one or two devices exhibited on the

platform superior to it. Orvieto's matchless cathedral was sketched in fire. Then there was a waterfall, or rather fire-fall. Perhaps the best of all was the simplest and most obvious. St. Angelo's presented a beleaguered fortress with its huge turrets and battlements. Cannon flashed from the ramparts, signal rockets blazed on high, amid a running fusillade of small arms. Suddenly all was hushed, darkness fell, and then by the agency of a Bengal light the fortress appeared on fire, when all ended in the tremendous explosion, bright as noonday, of the arsenal.

And thus we are leaving Rome; filled with admiration of her beauty, awestruck by the remains of her ancient grandeur, but astonished at her weakness moral and physical. She is still majestic "Roma," and yet she is changed — changed in the very conditions of her being. Occupying much of the ground covered by the ancient city, and more of modern acquisition, she has lost the prestige of victory, the inviolable walls within whose circuit no conqueror's army might presume to enter, no citizen might be interred. Her bishop is a recognised sovereign, though he cannot be "heredi-

tary," with claims which are heard and felt throughout the "*orbis terrarum*," attached, like priceless jewels, to the limited circlets of the triple crown. Her cardinals are princes, with all the talent and more than the taste and erudition of the Scipios of old; but the "*amor patriæ*" has dwindled down to time-serving devices, fitted perhaps to uphold an artificial system, but inadequate to meet the human wants, the growing demands of a populous city, and widespread though feeble states.

Among the middling and lower classes, character shifts between two extremes, but misses the healthy level which was the strength of the republic: an Italian will be a cipher, or he will be first rate; he will waste his time and energies in cafés and conversazioni, or he will redeem literature with Cardinal Mai, and emulate the Greek models with Canova. "Mediocrity" is the one thing they dread; but there is a truth in mediocrity which they have overlooked: a humble lot encourages content of mind and proffers domestic duties. Yet, to avoid sympathising with such a people, you must first forget what they once were; it is the history of their origin, the long line of their

early records, which explain their national bearing, and palliate if they do not excuse, much of their pride or indolence as a people, and much of the ambition of their rulers.

The theme of the old Romans was conquest, and their motto was "Nil admirari." The wealth of the East and the polite arts of Greece lay around them, and they had pondered well that passage in Cyrus's history, where Solon remarks to the King of Lydia—"a little iron will one day take all this gold." Their early myths and legends, whether we regard them as handed down by tradition, or as coined by Livy to please the people, equally prove the popular character and bent. They rise, according to this glowing annalist, under the auspices of Mars, fearless of the sentence of Homer who depicted him as a bully. Their founder is suckled by a she-wolf, and grasps the sceptre of rule with the unhappy prestige of a fratricide, which, nevertheless, forms no obstacle to his deification in due time. As they gain strength and succeed in fortifying their position on the hills, they wax bolder and more warlike. The Sabines must part with their wives and daughters, and the Latian cities with their territory.

Soon they take a higher and a sterner tone: warrior-kings are good to head a movement, but the pomp and luxury of a court cramp the energies of the rising commonwealth. A flagrant instance of royal debauchery occurs amid the leisure intervals of a camp life: the honour of a private family is stained, and a high-minded but innocent woman, unable to brook her wrong, stabs herself to the heart in the presence of her husband and relatives; the capital is convulsed, the army excited; Brutus, a character long forming for the occasion, steps forth to harangue the citizens, and the Etrurian dynasty in Rome is at an end. Porsenna, King of Clusium, the hero of his nation and his day, interposes to restore the Tarquins: but the valour of Cocles, the stern fortitude of Scævola, the romantic devotion of Clelia, backed by a single-minded people and politic senate, deter and balk his measures, and the seven-hilled city is free, though shorn of half her strength. The amity and countenance of many an Etruscan ally is gone: but bold hearts aim at high destinies, and love to play out the game of conquest single-handed.

After this, Rome advances on the platform of

the nations as the lion pierces the thickets of the forest: before that footstep every other beast retires, at that roar every other voice is quelled. The choice is small: those who act on the defensive are broken and humbled to the condition of tributaries; those who, like Hannibal, lead the attack, may succeed for a while, but provoke from some Cato the sentence of "Delenda est" on their home and city, sure to be fulfilled at last. The career of Rome under her consuls and her emperors was one continued unrolling of the scroll of Daniel's prophecy, filling up the text with a living comment, and showing how the beast, "dreadful and terrible and strong exceedingly," could "devour and break in pieces," and "stamp the residue with its feet." Before the tread of her legions and the stroke of her battering-ram all went down. The powers arrayed against her served but to swell her triumphs. Pyrrhus' chivalrous onset and disciplined phalanxes, Hannibal's generalship and avenging soul, Mithridates' perseverance and resources, Jugurtha's craft, Syracusan science, Jewish fanaticism and despair — all quailed before the genius and destinies of a people whose name was unheard of 800 years before

Christ, and who had been glad to claim for their infancy the fostering rule of a Lucumo from the city of Tarquinia.

It is a mistake to suppose that ancient Rome was ever a lover of the "fine arts" for themselves: she had neither the taste nor the "penchant" of Greece in this respect; she could not have them, for their true foundations in her people's character and history were wanting. The fine arts, indigenous in Greece and Etruria, found not in Rome the cherishing instinct of a foster-mother: they became her property and her slaves: she hurled them into her treasury; she bound them in triumph to her chariot-wheels, but she never drank into their spirit, nor bowed before their humanising influence, until her greatness was on the wane, and the reins of empire slipping from her hand.

Then, at length, amidst humiliation and wrong, under insult and oppression, Rome learned to feel for the human race; and while the Hun made a breach in her walls, and the Goth stripped her palaces, the mistress of the world, cowering over a blackened hearthstone, with the ashes on her head, woke to kindlier feelings than those engendered by dominion and luxury, and cherishing domestic ties

and affections, prized the mimic portraiture of these, and began ere long to emulate the labours of the pensive Greek.

The theme of Greece had never been conquest, but something far holier and sweeter — liberty. It was this mainspring of action which enlarged her conceptions and developed in her cities the most perfect works of art, whether we regard the design or the execution, that the world ever saw: for Art is Nature's daughter, and Nature loves the expansive glow of liberty, and its elastic impulses. Greece in her mountain-glens and islands did not lust after empire. When the banded princes sailed to besiege Ilium, it was to avenge a solemn cause, to keep a sacred vow: Liberty was her motto: she reaped more of real glory at Marathon and Plataea than afterwards at Issus and Arbela, and she knew it. The fruit from such a tree was kindly and generous. "*Au fond des choses*," Greece was kind, — Rome was cruel: Greece embodied more of human-heartedness in its patriotism, and found room for the little details of domestic affection, which a stern son of Rome would slight as beneath his notice. Their statues prove this; each group or figure illustrates some predominant human attribute or

affection, and shows that the artist wrought "con amore." The Apollo is a deliverer; the Laocoon depicts parental love and filial dependence enduring amid the destroying wrath of some offended power; the Venus is the personification of modesty, — woman's shield and prime ornament; the group of Menelaus and Patroclus shows fidelity and courage standing in the breach; the Dying Gladiator reveals and awakens manly tenderness: "Moriens dulces reminiscitur Argos," is Virgil's tribute to this affectionate people. The Romans, on the other hand, had their galleries of busts as moderns have a family-tree for the pedigree, and a coat-of-arms in proof of the nobility of the bearer. Farther than this they went not: full-length figures undraped were forbidden, for their minds were too coarse to conceive any but a gross idea.

As strong an argument may be derived from *architecture*, as exhibiting the character of the two nations: here the Greek types delineate the leading varieties in the two sexes, and prominent points in the history of the species; at least I never look at them without thinking so. The *Doric* seems an emblem of gigantic strength, fit to bear up the architrave of such temples as those of Pæstum,

like fortitude and experience sustaining the cares of government in a polity. The *Ionic*, with its simple braid and fillet, expresses woman's elegance and loveliness. The *Corinthian* shows the ornate garb of dignity in the state, and was probably coeval with the custom of crowning a victorious soldier or deserving citizen with a green chaplet.

On the circle the Greeks took no thought in architecture: they needed no arches for triumphs, had no "orbis terrarum" for their empire: the mysterious unity of the triangle pleased them better, and its form served to record histories and dedications in a raised pediment. Here architecture expanded, after swaddling in Egypt! and here it grew to mature proportions of adult beauty! The Romans came, to conquer the lion's share; they reared the arch, they spoiled the column; they built irregular masses, always keeping in view the "utile:" yet these vast masses are now mouldering into dust, while the delicate Greek outline survives. Their satirist said

"Græculus esuriens in cœlum, jussus, ibit;"

but the line is double-edged, and cuts themselves as well as the object of their satire. True, they starved their captive, and then bid the pliant slave fetch models from Olympus; and he did it in

every department;—but he did it in vain for Rome, while the city was supreme, and the earth but a highroad for her legions. But when she declined and fell, when the road to further violence and conquest was barred for ever, when the invader became the invaded, and the universal offender was compelled to act on the defensive, — then, energies which had always struggled for supremacy, sought it in another direction: Rome, no longer allowed to conquer and appropriate abroad, endeavoured to excel and cherish at home: aspirations after the beautiful, which had been awed and kept down by iron statesmen and greedy warriors, kindled and gained ground. From age to age they have gradually advanced: from rude mosaics and frescoes by the early converts to the stiff but correct outlines of the middle ages, from the harsh and meagre forms of *Cimabue* to the full and beautiful ones of *Giotto*; from *Giotto* to *Perugino* and *Francia*; from these to *Raffaello* and *Domenichino*: throughout, the struggle for excellence has been evinced; and if Italians are proud and happy now, it is not because they can ever hope to rule the world by arms or policy, under pope or emperor, again, but because they are the acknowledged

undisputed captains of the fine arts. They have *Michael Angelo's* and *Brunelleschi's* domes, *Rafaello's* cartoons and oils, *Donatello's* and *Canova's* statues, and they despise from the bottom of their hearts the "barbarians," who can achieve nothing more exquisite, attempt nothing more sublime, than a railroad, a double-barrelled detonator, or a Stilton cheese.

At "dominion" they now smile, and will tell you that popes and princes have caressed Raffaele, and ennobled Canova; that Francis I. addressed a begging autograph letter to Michael Angelo, and Charles V. stooped to pick up Titian's brush.

As for the nation of "haughty shopkeepers," they may well laugh at us, according to the old proverb, while our money is spent among them alike by duke and don, peer and prelate; and while our "scienziati" for the first season or two in Rome regularly "go to school" to learn what statuary and painting mean, and how columns can be reared and fountains made to flow.

It is true that the present generation of Italians has fallen behind in many respects; but it is also true that many an Italian appears listless and indolent nowadays for want of a worthy object being

propounded to him ; he may have larger ideas than others around him, and for that very reason be unwilling to toil for trifles.

Just now they are heavily burdened here in Rome : government is poor in exchequer, and weak in political resources ; many of the state-prisons are full : signs of discontent are thickening in the provinces, and Austria's arm alone upholds visibly the mitred ruler. The Church, moreover, externally is too much of a *métier* ; this kills life and joy, and must operate to quench inspiration ; they may possibly know more, but they believe less than of old, and the exchange is a bad one. Still, Italian merit in all departments is very great. There are very few paths in which they have not led the way, and generally reached the climax of excellence, which other people of Europe have afterwards used as a model. In works on theology, in scientific researches and their practical application, in history, in poetry, and the belles lettres, in all which pertains to the fine arts or tends to develop them, they have been the teachers of Western Europe ; and in individual instances they still are. We prize *Hooker*, and justly, in England : but every reader of *Thomas Aquinas* knows how largely the author

of "Ecclesiastical Polity" was indebted to him. The idea, if not the composition, of some of the Englishman's noblest passages may be found in the terse "Quæstiones" of the meditative Italian. How well *Boccaccio* wrote history! In poetry, what names of super-excellence! *Dante* had no original, and has found no followers, save that *Milton*, unapproachable alike, has nevertheless now and then taken a feather from his wing. *Petrarch's* chaplet is buried with him. *Tasso* is *Virgil's* true successor, and his "*Aminta*" is more elegant than the *Eclogues*. Perhaps *Ariosto* is the most genuine son of the Muses among them all.

Then, in fugitive pieces, what exquisite gems lie scattered over the pathway of their literature! *Dante's* Sonnet addressed to *Beatrice* when he was but thirteen; *Filicaja's* Lament, almost unmatched as yet in his own or any language; *Manzoni's* "*Il cinque maggio*," far superior in real merit to *Byron's* "*Ode on Napoleon*."

I have read but one Italian novel carefully through,—"*I promessi Sposi*,"—it is the "*Vicar of Wakefield*" of Italy, and whoever would become acquainted with the people, must study it. Now this work is in some respects beyond praise; yet

his countrymen scarcely think it worthy of Manzoni's powers; an Italian gentleman observed to me,—“It is good, but he could have done better.” I scarce ever heard such a compliment to a writer's genius. In the drama, Italians have one great name, *Alfieri*, immensely inferior to Shakspeare, as who is not? but is he inferior to *Schiller*?—Are there not in his “*Oreste*” and his “*Saul*” touches of nature, which come home to the heart with more power than the magnificent, but stilted paragraphs of the German? How exquisite is the pathos of the following scene, especially its concluding stanza! *Orestes*, in disguise, questions his mother:—

<i>Clitennestra.</i>	<i>Oreste, amato Oreste,</i>
Tutto saper di te vogl' io; nè cosa	
Niuna udir più, fuor che di te.	
<i>Oreste.</i>	<i>Lo amavi</i>
Tu dunque molto ancora?	
<i>Clitennestra.</i>	<i>O giovinetto,</i>
Non hai tu madre?	

For the same reason, because nature is beyond art, I think *Silvio Pellico's* “*Prigioni*” preferable to the compositions of the Frenchman's pet,—*Lawrence Sterne*.

Looking to more substantive matters, we should

thank Florence for our knowledge of architecture and hydrostatics; Pisa and Genoa, for the confidence of marine enterprise; Bologna, for jurisprudence; Padua, for medical and botanical researches. All Europe owes Italy a debt, though all have not profited equally.

In the department of music, England has reaped the richest harvest from this exuberant soil; partly owing to our wealth, but more, I think, to our social habits of domestic life; for it should never be forgotten that it is the fireside circle, and not clubs and cafés, which is truly social. Hence the French, who exist for "soirées" and "réunions," are less musical as a people. Even in Italy you will seldom hear the best music at "conversazioni;" certainly not the most pleasing, scarcely ever what may be called a national air: these latter greet you on the quays and piazzas, in the fishermen's boats, or from some cottage on the Campagna. A few among the Neapolitan "canzonetti" of this description are pretty and plaintive; but they do not seem to me to touch so deep a chord as the simple airs of Scotland, or the Swiss "Ranz des Vâches."

The landscape scenery is perhaps the greatest

charm of Italy, and you do not surfeit of this as you easily may of objects of art. England is unquestionably a finer country on the whole, owing to its high cultivation; but Italy has far more of pictorial beauty; melting tints, receding distances, foregrounds of *chiar'oscuro*, such as Poussin loved. Romantic it is not, because beauty of the highest order is here, as it were, at home, and home has content, but not romance. Strange to say, there is more of romance in a German "wald," a Scotch glen, or an English heath, than in an Apennine or Umbrian landscape.

After Sicily, the scenes which have struck me most are the environs of Naples, and certain spots on the Campagna of Rome. In excursions, the great thing is to avoid making too long ones at a time. It is dangerous in this country to get tired out. An old peasant at Tivoli told me that in most cases it is "*stanchezza*" (weariness) which brings on the worst attacks of malaria, for your muscles are then unbraced, and you cannot resist a noxious influence [Note (h.)]. I have observed the Romans are on their guard in this respect; they will not journey far at one time, nor work long without taking rest. Under the burning

noonday sun, you will see the driver fast asleep on his ox-cart, while the team pursue their way over the broken roads of the Campagna. The wisest, however, dismount, unyoke the cattle, and lie down to sleep in the shadow of the cart.

PADUA.

End of May.

HERE is the city of clocks and botanical gardens, with the wondrous church of *St. Antonio*, which boasts a dozen domes and half a dozen turretted spires. Seventeen thousand rare plants are now in the garden! In the chapel of *Sta. Maria Annunziata* we have just seen Giotto's frescoes covering two entire wainscots; these are in some respects superior to those in the vaulted roof at Assisi. One which represents the Resurrection is especially beautiful, and a Madonna suckling the child in a panel near the altar.

We took a new line of country from Rome hither, passing through *Orvieto* and *Bologna*, and then diverging from the usual track for the sake

of a peep at the old town of *Ravenna*. The whole of this route is deeply interesting. At *Viterbo* there is a peerless fountain, which you should step out and see by moonlight. The road from hence to *Orvieto* is magnificent; the soil prodigiously rich, and yielding lavish crops despite of its poor cultivation: were this district in Tuscany instead of being in the Papal States, it would be brought to produce double what it does at present. I noted two sorts of gumcistus, purple and white, growing wild; and a rare geranium.

Orvieto is as well worth a visit as our city of *York*, and I can't say more. The Gothic cathedral is exquisite: Mr. Gally Knight should pass a month here; the drawings would fill a handsome folio, and I think here are points of architecture which can be matched nowhere else.

Outside the church, the pilasters are carved in bas-reliefs by the two Pisani, Giovanni and Nicolo. Within, you are lost in admiration, and it requires an effort to methodise your impressions and mark somewhat in detail the glorious objects around you. The windows are all delicate-cut "lancet;" stained glass filling the upper portion, and the lower compartment consisting of a plate of oriental ala-

baster which transmits golden light: I never saw any thing resembling this elsewhere. Works of art abound: near the altar is *Scalza's* famous "Pietà," and the Annunciation by *Mochi*, in which Mary is as rugged and stern as Boadicea, a singular fancy of the sculptor's. A chapel contains, in frescoes of the largest size, *Luca Signorelli's* "History of Antichrist;" also his painting of the Last Resurrection. The first of these forms a stupendous series, where one's admiration is divided between the artist's diligent study of Scripture, and his bold genius shown in its illustration. Antichrist seems to embody all that is crafty, mighty, and godless. The scene in which he is preaching to the multitudes, the evil spirit prompting him in the ear, is a masterly sketch. In the painting of the Resurrection, sublime and beautiful groups are as frequent as horrible and despairing ones: a matter in which he has shown more edifying tact than Michael Angelo; for, why multiply the representation of evil and horror? One group with one figure especially is here, more noble and pleasing than any thing I can remember of Raffaello's. I went down the *Pozzo di San Patrizio*: 500 steps up and down this well, dug to ensure supplies of

water to the garrison ; for Orvieto, long a stronghold of the popes, is built on a singular basaltic rock, whose situation and height preclude the possibility of a spring on its own level. The guide could not tell why they dedicated it to the patron saint of Erin. An Irish business, truly.

In *Chiusi* we visited four museums ; they are rich in antiques, but not equal to Cav. Campagna's collection at Rome. I was most struck with some bronze "specchj," for which, by the bye, they ask enormous prices even on the spot. At *Signor Casuccini's* there were some noble terra cottas ; one of them portrays a touching scene, the death of a beloved wife : the attitude of the spouses, her hand laid on his shoulder, and the angel of death separating them, is rendered with an effect of pathos which I am not quite sure that I have seen equalled in a painting. In the "Vigna grande" sepulchre are some very curious frescoes, illustrating divers Etruscan customs.

Coming through Florence, I was fortunate enough to obtain from one of the booksellers on the Lung' Arno, who lost, by the bye, 50,000 francs by the late flood, a copy of Fossonbroni's tract on the subject of the Chiana and this river : this copy had

been several days under water, of which it bears evident marks, forming a singular record of the truth of its contents. After this, we slept a night at *Covigliajo*, among the Apennine summits: here we found the full advantage of following in the wake of an empress; Nicholas's better half had passed through a little before. Some years since this was a wretched place with the worst accommodation; but the Czarina brought every thing with her, even to tables, a tea-service, and carpets. All this "suppellex" she bequeathed to the host after her night's rest; so we were lodged in clover.

Of all the towns in Italy, *Bologna* is one of the nicest and cleanest, and the rich plain in which it stands reminds one of Kent. It teems with objects of art, and with the remains of former wealth and grandeur; but like all cities whose day is gone by, there is a tinge of sadness mingling with its most glowing scenes, and, above all, your footstep sounds lonely and strange in the halls and saloons of the old palaces.

Next to the *Asinelli* tower, above 300 feet high, and the leaning *Garisenda*, the most prominent object is *San Luca's Church*, to which you mount by a covered gallery above a mile in length,

climbing the cliff, and arriving at a stupendous Apennine view from its summit.

In the "Belle Arti" are some of the best pictures of Italy: here you may study the three Caracci in all their styles. *Ludovico Caracci's* "Madonna and Child," known by the half-moon and the veil thrown over the Virgin's head, I thought an exquisite painting.

Domenichino's picture of the "Persecutions of the Church" has a group of two sisters embracing, which to my mind surpasses any thing else he has done. The famous "Santa Cecilia," by *Raffaello*, a little disappointed us, perhaps from having heard so much about it: St. Paul is a noble figure, but the general outline and colouring of the group seemed hard.

In the Piazza where San Petronio's Church stands, the Bolognese have a fountain of which they are justly proud; the work of their famed citizen *Giovanni*. The device is a Neptune with nymphs and tritons; nothing can be bolder or more original than these sculptures. I have seen nothing equal to them. The "Sirens," at Messina, come nearest.

San Petronio itself is a prodigious edifice, and the windows of its nave display stained glass

equal to that in Perugia. This building is unfinished, as the façade shows, by its indented surface still waiting for a marble coating—an ornament it may now probably never get, though a box within with the inscription “Offerta per la facciata di questa insigne basilica,” occasionally receives a few “bajocchi.” I saw a working-man planted opposite to this box for some seconds in mute astonishment; he was doubtless marvelling at the sanguine expectations announced on its lid. The Bolognese, indeed, are not much given to parting with their ready cash.

“Quattro scudi! chi da?” saluted my ears as I crossed the piazza; “un bellissimo quadro per quattro scudi—solamente quattro scudi!” So said the auctioneer, exposing at the same time a hideous daub of some eight feet by six, representing the “miracolo” of the saint bringing back the horse’s hoof from the forge newly shod, and fitting it on to the bleeding leg, from which he had cut it off for the sake of expedition. A crowd of some twenty persons stood round, patiently regarding the picture, but no one opened their lips: some were smoking, some winking at each other. One wag at length suggested that

the price was marvellous low, but "still he had better knock it down for that, and proceed to other treasures." The auctioneer hereupon took to quizzing a long-backed dog the speaker had with him, and so wittily, that the other was glad to sheer off. The "bellissimo quadro" was then deserted awhile, and its guardian began refreshing himself with oranges from a stall. I dare say this specimen of the saint's farriery may have a run of a month, though I suppose not a very profitable one.

From Bologna we diverged forty miles out of the main road to visit *Ravenna*. Here we spent two days among churches and basilicas, affording the earliest instances existing of the Byzantine-Gothic: I felt in looking at them the want of something with which to compare them; they are very different from those in Rome and elsewhere. The richest of all is *San Vitale*: its form within is octagonal, with clusters of pillars at the angles; and the general idea was taken, it is said, from St. Sophia's Church at Constantinople, which must, however, be a far larger building. The mosaics which vault the choir are very ancient and exceedingly beautiful. Moses is here, tending the sheep on Mount Horeb; and Abraham, entertaining the

heavenly visitants, while Sarah laughs behind the door. There is something in the simple portraying of Scripture narrative by the early Christian artists very impressive: it has none of the dash and mannerism of modern times, but it is far more *real* in the effect produced.

San Apollinare Nuovo has twenty-four columns of Greek marble brought from Constantinople. This church Theodoric built for his Arian bishops. Mosaics run all along the frieze of the nave: towards the porch you may see *Classis* with the sea and ships, a curious record; and Theodoric's palace, as it then was: nothing is left of this latter now but a bit of dead wall.

San Apollinare in Classe lies without the gates, towards the Pineta. *Classis* was of old the station of the Roman fleet; but now the alluvial matter has encroached for some miles upon the bay, and many an acre of dark peat and marshy ground coated with bulrush, dams up the harbour where once the galleys rode. This church dates from 534 of our era, and their bishops from A. D. 74: the present archbishop, Cardinal Falconieri, is their 126th prelate; a line approaching in number that of the popes of Rome. Here is Otho's stone, with

an inscription recording the penance he did after murdering Crescentius. The tribune is coated with mosaics of the sixth century, beautifully fresh at this day. Moses and Elijah are here, and three sheep, meant for Peter, James, and John. Also, S. Apollinaris in his episcopal robes, preaching to a flock of snowy sheep in a green meadow: all in the mosaic. Over the cross are the "Salus Mundi," the A and Ω, and the symbolical ϠϠϠ. How these old emblems lay hold on a man's spirit!

Is not this quaint, Byzantine style of architecture, after all, as church-like as the gorgeous mediæval forms of the Gothic? Are not these old churches of Ravenna more solemn and suitable than many magnificent structures of later date in Italy?

Dante's Tomb is a poor thing in itself and ill-placed. But here rest the ashes of "Il gran' padre Alighier'." And here they ought ever to rest rather than in Florenec, for here the broken-hearted man found kindness and hospitality.

We drove to the "immemorial" pine-grove, which stretches for twenty-five miles along the shores of the Adriatic. The beauty of this forest is due to two features seldom found united; a

bright green copsewood of oak and other shrubs covering the soil, and far overhead the towering pines spreading a continuous roof of verdure, through whose gaps and crevices the sunlight glances down and strikes on red stems and branches. Here we found the pine-kernel establishment of the Papal States, no despicable source of emolument. The scene is a singular one without doors and within: vast meadows are strewn with the newly gathered fruit, spread out to dry; this is the first process; elsewhere the kernels, shelled out by thousands of bushels, are piled in heaps: the nut is almost as delicious as an almond. Some scores of both sexes are domiciled in the factory, where they have separate establishments; fine, wild, healthy-looking creatures, delighted with their occupation in the best climate of Italy. The forest is traversed by green rides like those in an English nobleman's preserve. I heard there is fine shooting here of duck and wild boar.

Galla Placidia's Mausoleum is magnificent, but heavy. *Theodoric's*, without the gates, is a solid rotunda, whose elliptical roof, thirty feet in diameter, and some two hundred tons in weight, is of one block of marble. Where they cut it, or

how they raised it, is matter of marvel. The inner floor cannot be examined, as it is flooded several inches deep.

Ferrara followed on *Ravenna*, and we stopped to see *Tasso's Dungeon*, where he was confined for seven long years. A more horrible record is in the gloomy castle, where a former duke put his wife and son to death. These cells are fearful things: the light did not reach *Hugo's*, till it had filtered through thirteen gratings of iron bars. Without lies the dark moat. What a father of his people was this duke! His own flesh and blood, if indeed guilty, he might have imprisoned for life, but where was the authority for putting them to death? Even on constructive "treason," why secretly? Why was *Parisina* executed in the dungeon? Did this man ever read the eighth chapter of *St. John's Gospel*?

At the end of the dungeon-passage protrudes the edge of a huge tower, reaching from the battlements to the depths of a fosse below the moat. This is now walled up. When first opened, human bones were found in heaps, confirming a fearful tale which had been whispered before. Through its upper orifice this same duke was wont to hurl

headlong, in the course of a confidential walk on his battlements, those whom he had reasons for disliking. What an upright judge! Thank God! those days at least are over.

VENICE.

“ There is a glorious city in the sea,
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.”

End of May.

EVERY one quotes Rogers on Venice, and every one must, till descriptive lines as good shall be penned on the “city in the sea.” He does not notice the crab and the rat, probably as not deeming them poetical: the former is on all the piles, and the latter running across the watery threshold of the stately palaces. The city is now entered by a railway line crossing the lagoons: this so far mars the romance of the thing; but, once in, all is novel, wondrous, witch-like. The effect of the grand canal is unique: a noble city flooded would pre-

sent an aspect of ruin ; here it is a scene of calm repose. The width of the canal doubles, trebles that of almost any street in Christendom : exquisite palace-fronts line its sides, each with its semicircular flight of stone steps plunging down into the wave, and its ring of striped posts to protect the gondolas of the household. Gothic windows rise tier above tier, with tracery-work in stone, too rich for aught but the pencil to describe ; shadowy blinds and curtains of gauze, through which the light plays upon gilded furniture within : here, a conservatory, with its bright geraniums and balsams ; there, a breakfast table set out under the "venetian" on the cool balcony. Anon, a half ruined and quite deserted mansion, rich with the tints laid on by that shrewd colourist Time, but empty of its pristine mirth and splendour. As you advance, the fair cupola of *Sa. Maria della Salute* swells upon the sight, and then the glittering *Palace of the Doges*, with the spires and domes of *St. Mark*, is at your prow, and the enormous *Campanile*, where the golden angel on the summit flaps his wings, as if just alighting to greet the stately city. Meanwhile, no streets are visible ; or rather, the canal is the street : instead of the jarring

sound of wheels on a dusty pavement, noiseless gondolas skim around you in their black paint and black cloth canopy, the latter, the fruit of a government order long ago, when it was found that the Venetian nobles were ruining themselves in trappings of velvet and cloth of gold. The gondola has a well-stuffed cushion for two, one oar at least behind the canopy, and one before, a peaked stern, a beak of steel at the prow, the proportions of a canoe, and the speed of a dolphin. During day, few are abroad, save such as carry visitors pressed for time to view the Titians: but as evening draws on, the surface of the water becomes an agitated sea; hundreds of gondolas are flying in every direction, and the boats of the Podestà, six-oared and eight-oared, cleave their way through the lighter craft, as the armed pike dashes among the minnows. Row out past the gardens, cross that sandy neck of "dunes" beyond the lagoon, and you reach the *Lido*, where is a delicious ramble along the edge of the breaking wave for several miles. In your way, you will note features recalling Naples, though there all is stir and noise, while here is the region of calm repose: yonder is a man quietly seated on one of the sea-piles; his

legs are knee-deep in the water, and he is inhaling the fragrant weed, musing, perhaps, all the time, on the Foscari and the Contarini of other days.

The *Piazza of San Marc* is alike majestic and beautiful at noon or at nightfall: perhaps for certain chiaroscuro effects, as that of the huge ochre-coloured Campanile relieved by a dark sky in which the summer lightning is brewing, a late hour at eve is preferable. But, either way, when you contemplate the *Basilica* and the *Palace of the Doges*, you will make up your mind not to attempt the description of a scene so little conceivable. They talk of "speaking portraits," but what canvass ever told a tale so profoundly eloquent, so historically grand, as the fortunes of Venice recorded in her glorious Piazza? Rome affects you like a by-gone vision; but when you stand in the Piazza of St. Mark, the vision is present. The stately trophies, the gorgeous buildings, the brilliant bazaars, the singular costumes,—all bespeak the middle age, and the crowning city, whose merchants, like those of Tyre, were princes. Those three masts in front of the Basilica are trophies from *Crete* and *Cyprus* and the *Morea*. Yonder, over the azure clock, the two bronze giants are about to strike the hour on the great bell, — 1,

2, 3, 4: out come the Moorish figures at the gilt door on the left, wheel round the Madonna, and enter at the little door on the right, which closes after them. They no longer strike to chronicle the epochs of Venetian glory; but images do not grieve, else these ancient servitors would be too heavy at heart to lift their hammers. One of those pillars bears the Winged Lion of St. Mark, on the other stands St. Theodor, the former patron, with his crocodile. Over St. Marc's portal are the four bronze horses of Lysippus, once coated with gold; you see they have come back from the Louvre, and are as proud as ever, tossing their beautiful heads and lifting each a hoof, as who should say — "Nothing was ever cast so faultless as we."

Crowds of pigeons are wheeling round the Piazza, enjoying the freedom ensured them by some noble lady, who left by will a dower for that end. But the swallows are less fortunate. What is that whirling down from the Campanile's balustrade? it is a swallow in a poke: some wags above have been launching in mid-air pieces of card with a hole punched in the centre. The birds dash at them, gain a white collar, and are presently captured by the boys below.

In Venice the best way is to engage your gondola by the week, and a guide by the day; no city, with the exception of Rome, contains more that is worthy to be visited.

We have wandered over the Doge's Palace, and loitered up the *Giants' Staircase*, often turning round to gaze on *Sansovino's* beautiful Eve, which faces it; and have been "ciceroned" through the *State Dungeons*, and over the *Bridge of Sighs*, and have strayed along the *Rialto*, and handled the stump of the *Bucentaur's* mast in the recesses of the arsenal.

For one who has never seen them before, the paintings here possess an absorbing interest. In the "Belle Arti" you will find *Titian's* "Assumption," and his "Presentation of the Virgin." Among many wonderful productions, these two are perhaps his best; the apparent motion upwards communicated to the figure of the Madonna in the former is a triumph of the art. The "Presentation" is, however, a more pleasing picture, as I think everybody will agree.

This subject is surely more simple, more gracious, more really instructive than the endless tribe of "Assumptions of the Virgin," with which Roman

Catholic painters beguile the eyes and hearts of the members of that church. Here a real incident is portrayed, in the heaven-taught era of childhood, in the life of one whose riper age was fraught with the unspeakable blessing.

The "Miracle of the Slave," by *Tintoretto*; the "Supper," by *Paul Veronese* (Calieri), and the "Virgine col Putto" (with the date of 1487), by *Giovanni Bellino*, are very extraordinary works.

Tintoretto has given me new ideas of what may be done in colouring; his "Bacchus and Ariadne," in the Doge's Palace, is one of the cleverest pictures I ever saw; and the "Repose in Egypt," at the *Scuola di S. Rocco*, introduces as sweet a landscape as ever was designed.

In the Palazzo Manfrini are Titian's portrait of Ariosto; and his "Golden Age:" these are remarkable even here. The Ariosto is as well painted and as effective as the Cenci at Rome. It has the same peculiar power of rivetting the attention, and setting the fancy to work; a power which is, I think, confined to veritable portraits, and is rarely met with even in these. *Doge Foscari's* monument stands in the *Church of the Frari*. I thought this beautiful and appropriate: the females of his family

are sculptured round the bier. In this church *Canova* is buried.

We have passed a delightful afternoon at the *Armenian College*, where many strangers resort, and where all should go who love to hear concerning a patriarchal faith and the simple customs of a blameless life from the lips of some who at once teach and practise.

I do not know why I should here deny myself the pleasure of mentioning by name one of the ordained professors in the society, — P. Grégorio Dr. Alepson. A conversation of two hours' duration, renewed on a subsequent day, left me with a very pleasing impression of this gentleman's manner of life and of his hopes and objects.

Though content and happy to live thus at San Lazzaro, I found him passionately attached to his own country; a country which he assured me far surpasses Italy in natural beauty.

On the whole, the impression left by this superb city is one of sadness. Her days are done, but it cannot be added that her fame is begun: that chapter is closed. Lombardy is now an Austrian province; and the rule, though doubtless wise under the circumstances of Italy, is simply that of

mechanism, which of course never *feels*. I just now saw some of their recruiting officers, with Venetian soldiers newly pressed, weeping in the gondola. I thought of those beautiful lines in the "*Madre Italiana*:"—

"Lo settimo — è il suo figlio! — diman' vergognato,
Al cenno insolente d' estrano soldato
Coll' aquila in fronte vedrallo partir!"

The last of the Foscari, after long begging his bread on the quays and canals, is now applying for the place of porter at a private palace! Alas! what a wreck is this!

MILAN.

June.

HERE is Lombardy's capital; with the matchless Gothic cathedral, S. Ambrosio's basilica, the Cenacolo, the Brera gallery, and the Biblioteca,—besides five hundred other "lions," which we shall not tarry for.

Milan is, indeed, a noble city, worthy to queen it even over such fair towns as Verona, Vicenza, and Brescia, which all lay on the road from Padua

hither. In *Verona* are the *tombs of the Scaligeri*, "grande decus," and the *Capulets' house*. From the latter juts forth the identical balcony out of which Juliet communed with her Romeo:—

"But soft, what light through yonder window breaks!
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!"

What a wizard was Will Shakspeare! We were as eager to see this rude balcony of stone as if it had been a shrine, and we, saints on a pilgrimage.

Yesterday, we scaled the roof of the Duomo, and walked round the gallery which circles under its loftiest tower. This roof, when you are on it, is a sloping park of marble, white as porcelain, and studded with pinnacles and turrets, whose Gothic niches contain every one an exquisite statue. Others of colossal size are ranged along the battlements; there are already above eight thousand in all, but fully three thousand more additional pinnacles are needed before the entire structure can be pronounced complete. This, the Italians say, will demand three centuries; I suppose, to furnish the needful funds. In reply, I asked our informant how long he counted upon the world's lasting. The cathedral is pure and church-like within, its vast Gothic arches and vaults being more reverend,

though less gorgeous than the nave of St. Peter's. The richest object is the *tomb of San Carlo Borromeo*. Here the jewelled "pala" surpasses even that of San Marc in Venice, though the latter exhibits all that Byzantium could furnish. Transparent plates of rock crystal of the largest size and rarest beauty enclose the bier on which the saint's mortal body lies; through these it is plainly visible, as also the costly offerings suspended over it: one of which is a cross of the finest emeralds in the known world, presented by Maria Theresa.

S. Ambrosio's Church is every bit as rich: the high altar is faced with plates of solid gold, and the sides and back with silver. The relievos on the latter portray the main events in the life of this remarkable man. At San Carlo there is a similar series.

Leonardo da Vinci's "Cena," is in the refectory of Sta. Maria delle Grazie. Little can now be made out of this once matchless production: the head of the Saviour is the most distinct, but that has apparently been retouched. If great authorities are right on the point, the entire work would have endured to this day had the artist wrought in fresco instead of in oils. Yet Leonardo's idea was

doubtless to provide for durability, as well as for richness of effect: he probably took into account the refuge afforded by a sanctuary, little dreaming of the panel-door made by the monks afterwards. The only consolation now is to turn from a peeled and faded original to the noble engraving executed by Morghen.

The *Brera* gallery is good, though of course vastly inferior to some in Venice. *Guercino's* "Dismissal of Hagar,"—"Paul rebuking Peter," by *Guido*, and a "Nativity," by *Camillo Procaccino*, pleased us the most.

Hagar's countenance, with the tear in her eye and the grieved look of half-incredulous reproach which she casts at the patriarch, is admirably conceived: it is become the fashion to undervalue this, but I know not why.

The *Biblioteca Ambrosiana* is cautiously exhibited. The rarest manuscripts are not shown at all: and the others appear through a veil of plate-glass.

This city is a very fine one. [Note (h).]

LUCERNE.

Lucerne, June 12.

LAST night we arrived here, having crossed the summit of *Mount St. Gothard* the day before. The pass was stormy, and the cold severe; walls of snow being piled on both sides.

Descending, we came through the *Urnerloch*, and looked on the rainbow of the *Reuss*, where the torrent dashes under the *devil's-bridge*. The rock scenery here was stupendous. This Lake of Lucerne is "*allerschonste*" at the Uri end; but we have not forgotten *Como*, equal in beauty to any lake I ever saw. We have another reminiscence of it besides its loveliness. Returning from Bellaggio we got into a scrape, and were very near becoming food for fishes. We had a little narrow "*contrabanda*," chosen for the sake of its speed, and when we arrived at the commencement of the three mile reach of precipitous rocks, where it is impossible to land, seventeen miles lay between us and *Como*. It was eight P. M. The storm awoke suddenly, as is the way in these parts. The lightning

flushed almost without intervals. Rain descended in spouts, and the thunder bellowed among the hills. Our boatmen dreaded a "temporale," which they declared must capsize us, if it came, by turning the vessel keel uppermost, for it comes with a whirlwind gust, and ploughs up the water where it strikes.

For fully twenty minutes we crept thus along the lake's edge like frightened wildfowl, the storm raging without intermission. During the murkiest part of it a trout of twelve lbs. threw himself completely out of the water close to our boat; this is the worst sign possible. Nevertheless, by dint of hard pulling we passed the reach, made a sandy cove, and found shelter for two hours in the house of a hospitable silk-worker.

Here occurred one of the few opportunities we enjoyed in Italy of observing, without guise or previous preparation, the people's domestic life. For the Italians are shy of us as a nation, on account of our supposed wealth; and often incur the reputation of being inhospitable, while they are, in fact, not acting from niggardly motives at all, but from the wish to hide from "grandeur's disdainful smile" their simple household arrangements and

"curta supellex." On this occasion, though absolute strangers, we were kindly, even tenderly welcomed, in the bosom of as well-ordered and graciously mannered a family as I have seen anywhere. It consisted of a father and mother, with one married daughter and her children, and three other unmarried girls verging on adult womanhood. After doing their best to establish us in comfortable seats, they pressed upon us such refreshments as they had ready, and even invited us to join the household meal in another room. Conversation turned on divers topics, and we were struck with the good breeding and tact evinced by both parents and daughters.

Re-embarking, we did not reach Como until two in the morning. People may say what they like, but these lakes are highly dangerous. After this we had a taste of wilder and more romantic scenery on *Lugano*.

But this is already matter of retrospect. And now here is the Switzer's noblest water, the glassy lake of the four cantons: far away in the background towers St. Gothard — "wo die ew'gen Seen sind:" nearer are sunny hamlets, and green slopes belted with copsewood, and the quaint spires of

Lucerne mirrored in the wave — but Italy, fair
Italy, can never be forgotten —

“ Her face it is the fairest that e’er the sun shone on ! ”

Its memory lingers even now like the fascina-
tion of a dream, and claims the last farewell.

Farewell ! thou beautiful Italy ! favoured land,
highly-gifted people — “ Longum, longumque vale ! ”

N O T E S.

NOTE (a).

It has been pointed out to me that the Wourali poison, brought over by Mr. Waterton, has now for many years been waiting to be tried in a similar case. I was not aware of this, or else had forgotten it; but I earnestly trust such experiment will never be made in England. Some other remedy for this tremendous evil may yet be brought to light by the mercy of God.

The following was transcribed in the summer of 1840, by a physician resident in London, from a document in the hands of the Austrian embassy. It appeared at that time in some of our English journals, but I do not know what degree of notice it excited:—

“A schoolmaster, named Lalic, residing on that boundary of Hungary towards Turkey where the military colonies are located, having the established reputation of possessing a cure for hydrophobia, the Minister of War, to whose department the government of this territory belongs, instituted an inquiry. Two hydrophobic patients were placed under the care of the military medical officers until they despaired of them; they were then intrusted to the care of the schoolmaster, and were cured.

“A liberal gratification being given to this person, he is to receive adequate rewards if, after two years' exercise of his

remedy under medical surveillance, his discovery is proved to be of sterling value.

"The root of which M. Lalle has recognised the efficacy is the *gentiana cruciata*. It is an abundant natural product.

"**TREATMENT IN THE EARLIEST STAGE OF THE DISEASE.**—When the first symptoms arise the mouth must be examined, and beneath the tongue the *venæ raninæ* or sublingual veins will be found turgescient. This turgescence is at first confined to the neighbourhood of the frænum, and it appears under the form of black spots, resembling the heads of flies; but later, the disease having developed itself, the swelling affects the whole veins. At this period the following is the treatment to be adopted:—The tongue to be grasped with a wooden fork and inverted, and the sublingual veins to be opened with a lancet. The tongue being then liberated, the bleeding must be allowed to continue until it ceases of itself. Then is to be given the first dose of the remedy:—

"Three quarters of an ounce ($1\frac{1}{2}$ *loth*) of the *gentiann cruciata* are to be given as a *maximum* dose; the root being first pounded, and then macerated in water, so as to form a thin paste; this must be repeated every morning for nine days. At the same time the wound is to be treated in the following way:—When fresh it is to be washed with spirit of rosemary, and then a poultice is to be applied, composed of two portions of rye flour and one of juniper berries, mixed with the strongest spirit of wine, to form into a paste. If the wound is closed, it must be opened and scarified.

"**TREATMENT IN ADVANCED STAGES OF THE DISEASE.**—When the disease has already reached its most violent paroxysms, the patient being properly secured, one ounce of the root is to be administered, and to do this, a strait jacket being put on the patient, two strong men must be employed to overcome his resistance; his mouth must be opened with two wooden wedges, the nasal air passage being hermetically closed until he has swallowed.

"If after three hours the patient's paroxysms continue to recur, an entire root must be introduced into the mouth, and there secured until bitten away and dissolved. The sublingual veins are to be opened at the first lucid interval, and after the bleeding a little broth may be administered. After this, the patients in general take water without opposition, and fall into a gentle slumber for eight or ten hours, and are cured. During sleep mucus is secreted in the mouth of the consistency of the white of an egg, of a slightly yellow colour; it is very adhesive, and is only ejected with difficulty. * * * It is important the patients should be made to throw up this phlegm. This secretion characterises the first three days of the malady, and great care must be taken to remove it, principally before the remedy is administered. * * *

"When the bleeding has not been sufficient, it may be resorted to again after five days, in violent attacks, and the decoction given when slight relapse has shown itself after nine days; and an aperient after three days' interval is to be resorted to." * * * The above is a greatly abridged transcript of a very circumstantial document. I must repeat, however incompetent the remedial resources may appear, they may prove effective. The most powerful remedies have not been discovered by *savans*, and the most valuable of our specifics is due to an Indian, who in a paroxysm of ague chanced to slake his thirst in a stagnant pool, in which lay the branches of the cinchona tree, another bitter, though differing so much from the gentians. I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

HENRY BELINAYE.

41. King Street, Argyll Place, June, 1840.

NOTE (b).

Since perusing Fossombroni's tract on the subject of the "Draining of the Chianna Valley," in connection with his application of the "colmata" system to the same tract of country,

I have felt so much interested in the local experiments and philosophical proofs there brought forward, that I cannot think the reader will object to rather a long note on the subject; I extract it almost entirely from the heads of paragraphs in the said tract.

There is good reason to believe that the river Arno anciently ran into the Tiber by a branch called the Clanis, traversing what is now the Val di Chiana: when this communication with the Tiber was lost, the district deprived of it came into a miserable condition.

It would seem that from the thirteenth to the nineteenth century the above order has been reversed: the Clanis has changed the direction of its course, and has furnished a tributary to the Arno. In the lapse of ages this change has produced serious results. In the year 1789, Count Fossombroni laid before the Grand Duke a digested plan for operating on an entire province by the "colmata" system. He chose the Clanis for his instrument, a stream which had for a long while been doing much injury to the Arno, by introducing into that river heavy pebbles, and a mass of alluvial matter, thus choking its channel, and raising the level of its bed; these evils had existed for nearly four centuries, and it appears that during that interval as many as thirty-one destructive floods had prevailed at different times. Fossombroni's "colmata" at once realised two great benefits; it filled up the marsh with alluvial soil as the waters of the torrent subsided, and it afterwards carried on a *filtered* stream into the Arno. This, however, being an effect artificially produced, it was soon found that it needed to be regulated with the utmost caution. The influx into the Arno amounted to perhaps five times the volume of water which ran in before; yet no floods ensued. So great an additional velocity had been communicated to the river, that its surface was not swollen by the additional body of water. This was in accordance with principles which Torricelli had before established by actual experiment; that great man found that you may even

lower the level while introducing more water, if only the common velocity be sufficiently increased; and, *vice versa*, that while drawing off some portion of a river's contents, if the velocity be thereby greatly diminished, the river's surface may swell and flood its banks. Torricelli had also proved that, in order to drain the incumbent streams and pools from off a champaign country, it is not sufficient to give a slope to the channel of the canal, but that the "Campagna" itself must be made to assume the form of an inclined plane: thus, the region in question now slopes sensibly from south to north. Fossombroni, therefore, was obliged to regulate the speed of the tributary according to an exact gradation; and this, while carrying on his "colmata" operations on a grand scale. Constant supervision was needed. He found that if the speed communicated to the Arno were allowed to pass a certain point, large pebbles and boulders would be lifted from the bed of the river and carried too far down the stream. This has actually occurred in that part of the channel which faces Florence, and the bottom is there too much raised. The engineer was fain to put barriers and dykes a little higher up than the point of influx of the torrents, in order to limit the speed of the Arno.

After arranging the whole system, Fossombroni said, and rightly, "you must now keep up this which I have set going: do not abandon the 'colmata,' do not remove the dykes, or mischief will follow: remember, this condition of things is not natural, but artificial." The event, as I have observed in the text, has proved how well he judged.

It is evident that the "colmata," if it had been applied ages ago, would have preserved some noble bays which are now lost to Italy; for what has been called "the retiring of the sea," is, in fact, a formation of stony banks and shallows, due to continual deposits from the different torrents flowing towards the sea.

NOTE (c).

I crave not to be misunderstood in what I have said here touching the number of consecrated buildings to be found in Rome; nor, again, where I have used the expression "a priest-ridden city." This last has reference, not to the nature of the particular measures adopted by the Pope's government, but to the impolicy, the absurdity, of vesting all the offices of state in the hands of prelates and cardinals.

As to the vast number of churches in Rome, I certainly hold it to be an unhealthy symptom. True, Italy was from the first full of bishops, because full of cities; for wherever the emperor recognised a city, there the servants of Christ established God's altar, that prayers might be offered up. But this, a giving of meat in due season, was surely very different from mustering a crowd of gorgeous tabernacles at the palace gates of the Pope.

NOTE (d).

"Friar Tuck's hermitage."

I beg mine host's pardon, but really his roseate hue and plump dimensions contrasted so with our jaded appearance, that, hearing no one address him by any name, I supplied the hiatus in my journal with the appellation which seemed most appropriate.

Moreover, that he had so fattened on the fare which he set before us, I no more believe, than some one else did the story of the parched peas.

NOTE (e).

A friend suggests that it were better to derive "pithecosa" from *πίθηκος* than from *πίθος*. I can only say, that nobody in

Ischia, gentle or simple, believes the story that "apes" were ever in the island,—excepting certain specimens of the chattering tribe, who still come in troops from Naples.

For adhering to *πίθος* meantime there is abundant reason: Ischia has always been famous for its clay-pits, and the manufacture of the pitcher seems immemorial. Indeed a form of it commonly in use is as old as Egypt.

Ovid is the authority for *πίθος* (*Metam.* lib. xiv.); but was he not quizzing the Ischiote features?

NOTE (f).

I quote an extract from the "Etudes," but it is by memory.

"Newton avers that the earth was thrown forth *complete* at one cast. Moses has recorded that the first man was formed in *complete manhood*. So, the earth brought forth the creatures in full stature, and the waters 'great whales,' &c. Yet our geologists are for ever dreaming of ago and youth, of epochs, germs, and births. They assign 10,000 years to the 'formation' of a chalk cliff, &c.

"But Etna must have had forges formed of lavas which had not flowed as yet, before it could vomit fire," &c.

I cannot vouch for this being accurately quoted; whether they be St. Pierre's exact words, I know not; I know they express my opinions. On the subject of "a chalk cliff," for instance, it appears to me that our geologists beg the question.

NOTE (g).

If it should be found that "malaria" still continues gaining ground in the neighbourhood of Rome, as there is reason to fear will be the case, why not try a simple remedy on a large scale? With the help of the Albano Lake, the river Anio, and

Father Tiber, the Campagna might be conveniently laid under water, say twenty square miles at a time, and the same result obtained as in the valley of the Chiana. If any feel inclined to smile at this, let them remember that far more difficult and expensive measures have been proposed before now. It has even been gravely debated whether it would not be well to *pave* the entire Campagna! It need hardly be observed that Fos-sombroni's method, if adopted, would repay all expenses a hundredfold, by converting an unfruitful waste into rich alluvial soil (see Note *b*), besides fully obviating the present daily increasing evil of a pestilential "malaria."

NOTE (*A*).

The states of Italy desire freedom; but are they fit for it? Have they, indeed, profited by the history of past events? Are their people in this sense arrived at years of discretion? Could they safely choose for themselves, or any one of them devise a form of government comparable to that under which they are living? Take, for instance, Tuscany, now a grand-dukedom. Here consolidation is strength, and dismemberment would entail weakness and dissolution. Yet Siena would fain be independent; even Florence sighs after the days of the republic. Perhaps something might be done (hitherto unattempted) to better the condition of such towns as Pisa and Siena; but assuredly not by separation. The prosperity of Leghorn is due to its being a sea-port, and to the English residents within its walls. In Lombardy there is no lack of fair and thriving cities: Vicenza, Verona, Brescia, Padua—to say nothing of its capital, Milan; there is, indeed, a certain sluggishness in them all, and the energies of the people might be far more widely developed than they are; but this is a mercantile, rather than a political question; and probably more would be gained for any one of them by discovering a new process of winding silk or of

pressing oil, than by obtaining, as of old, each a petty ruler of its own. The chief resources of Venice at this day are its manufactories of glass and its fabric of delicate gold chains.

If any part of Italy is to gain by a change in outward government, it must be the Papal States; and yet, assuredly, whenever the experiment of bettering things is tried here, it will be attended with extreme peril. It is true that the people in these states are governed according to ideas incompatible with human progress or the business of daily life, and that their polity is maintained in existence by other surrounding powers: but this has long been so; and Rome has probably varied less, taking it all in all, than any other capital in Europe during some centuries past. But the day of its attempted improvement may be the day of its utter dissolution; for questions grave and practical, which have long lain dormant, will then be mooted, and of this none can foresee the issue.

THE END.

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